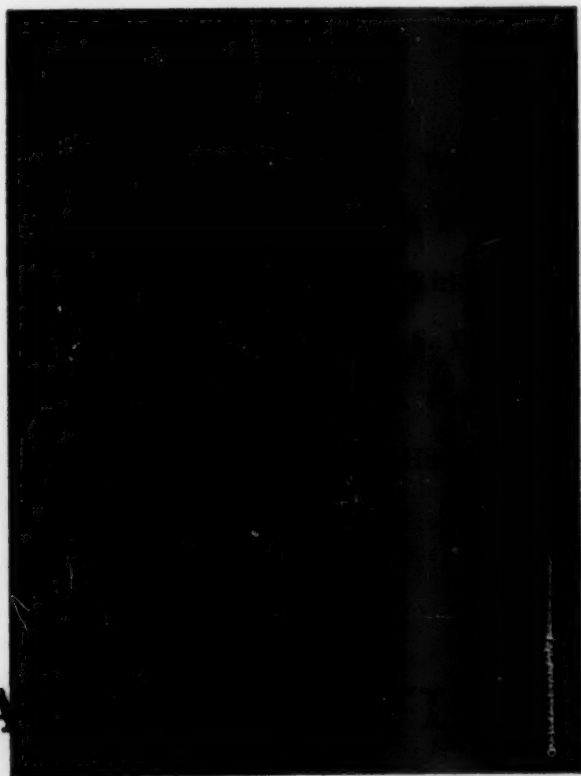


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TO BEGIN:

The Summer issue of the *Quarterly* marked the departure of Malcolm Ross from the Editor's chair. Only one who has fallen heir to his office and records can testify to the organizational skill which he brought to the *Quarterly* at a critical point in its eventful sixty-year career. Our regular readers, however, will long since have come to appreciate the numerous innovations which he sponsored during his incumbency. Such physical amenities as sewn pages, an arresting two-colour cover, new type-face and attractive article headings, were all his inspiration. More important, there was no falling off in the varied, balanced and digestible fare which we hope our readers will agree is the main attraction of the *Quarterly*. Our vital statistics department reports that in the 13 issues for which Malcolm Ross was responsible, a total of no less than 130 articles and 285 reviews appeared. He himself contributed the popular "Editor's Shelf" to the Review Section.

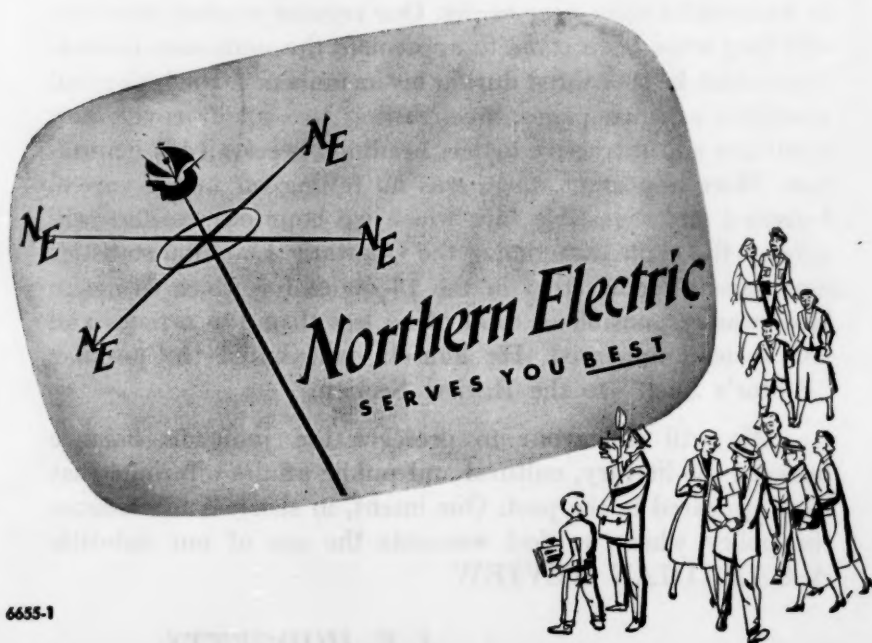
We will endeavour to preserve the judicious balance between the literary, cultural and public affairs offerings that have appeared in the past. Our intent, in short, is to continue the policy which we feel warrants the use of our sub-title **A CANADIAN REVIEW.**

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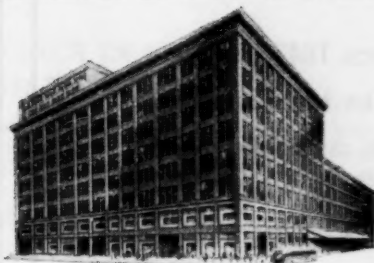
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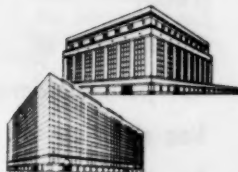
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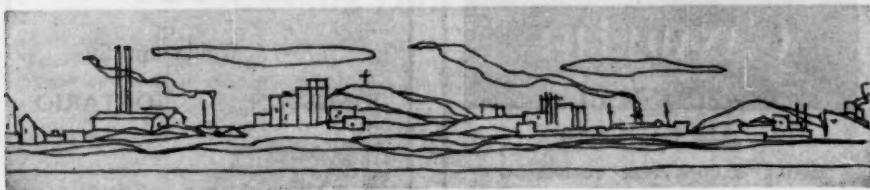
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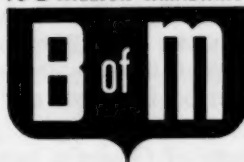
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Our lead-off article on the pipe-line controversy is written by **GRANT DEXTER**, one of the most reliable and acute pressmen reporting from Parliament Hill. Another issue of vital concern to Canadians is considered by **A. M. KIRKPATRICK**, Executive Director of the John Howard Society, who reviews the Fauteux Report on Penal Reform.

A group of three articles covers trouble spots in the Commonwealth. **SHEILA PATTERSON**, an authority on population problems and author of a forthcoming book "The Great Trek", writes on nationalism in South Africa; background to an understanding of the crisis in Cyprus is provided by **J. A. S. EVANS**, who spent a year in Athens as a student and now teaches classics at Waterloo College; and a general survey of India's progress under the first five-year plan is presented by **IDA DHAMI**, a graduate of Queen's, now interpreter for conferences in Geneva and married to an Indian who is attached to the I.L.O.

Nationalism—French Canadian variety—is the subject of **MICHEL BRUNET'S** contribution, which may be viewed as a rejoinder to the article on "The Abbé Groulx" in our Summer issue. Professor Brunet holds degrees from the University of Montreal and Clark University; he has published widely and is on the staff of the History department at the University of Montreal.

Some interesting side-lights on our unknown North appear in the account by **ALEXANDER ROSS** of his summer in Ungava. Professor Ross is on the staff of the English department at Ontario Agricultural College.

The literary section is represented by two articles. **MILLAR MacLURE** of the staff of the English department at Victoria College, writes about William Faulkner; **JOHN J. GROSS**, currently teaching at Indiana University, deals with the problems of the American novelist in search of his community—a subject which forms the theme of a forthcoming book.

The short story is written by **MIRIAM WADDINGTON**, a resident of Montreal, who is well-known for her poetry and prose contributions in many Canadian publications.

DARYL HINE represents our young Canadian poets with his long poem based on a classic text. A former native of British Columbia, he now resides in Montreal. A perceptive commentary on the current output of Canadian poets is provided by **DESMOND PACEY**, who is in the English department at the University of New Brunswick and who has recently edited a selection of G. D. H. Roberts' poems.

The Lively Arts commentary is presented by **MARTIN S. DWORKIN** who analyses the movie-makers' use of violence on the screen. Mr. Dworkin is a free-lance writer and photographer, living in New York. He is a regular contributor to a number of American periodicals.

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Politics, Pipeline and Parliament

—A Salutory Lesson?—

by

GRANT DEXTER

The recent tempestuous debates in our House of Commons reveal that more than gas can emerge from a pipe-line—or a debating society. A senior member of our Press Gallery here discusses some of the repercussions of this controversy on our parliamentary system.

The importance of the pipeline controversy, which convulsed the House of Commons from May 14 to the close of the session, is not the pipeline proper. The piping of natural gas from Alberta to eastern Canada is important, undoubtedly so. But the significance of the pipeline debate is to be found in the mistaken procedure adopted by the government and in the grave weaknesses thereby disclosed in our House of Commons.

A brief outline of the pipeline proposal is essential to an understanding of the later developments.

The desirability of a pipe line is manifest. Alberta has ever increasing quantities of surplus natural gas. The eastern prairies and the central provinces of Ontario and Quebec need this gas. This is particularly true of Ontario which is now developing, on the St. Lawrence, its last large hydro power site. The debate on the pipeline in the Ontario legislature in February showed that an acute power shortage is near enough to induce the Frost government to become a partner of the Federal government in building the 675 mile bridge across Northern Ontario. With respect to the pipeline, there is complete disagreement between the Frost government and the Federal Conservative party under Mr. Drew.

The pipeline policy as it was presented to Parliament in Bill 298 on May 14 was a gradual development. Foreseeing the problem of dealing with the movement of surplus gas out of Alberta, the Federal government (having exclusive jurisdiction over inter-provincial and international trade) declared a policy in the House of Commons on March 17, 1953. The policy, briefly, was to deal with natural gas as successive Parliaments and governments since 1907

had dealt with electricity. There must be no export until the full needs of the home market were satisfied. This policy with respect to gas was unanimously approved.

Much could be written on this policy but it would be beside the point. It was recognized that natural gas, like electricity, once exported, can never be recovered. It is used to maintain homes and industries and simply cannot be withdrawn. Exported gas is lost gas.

This policy became practical politics in 1954 when the Alberta government authorized the export eastward of 500 million cubic feet of gas per day. The Federal government surveyed the Canadian market and decided that 300 million cubic feet would fully meet Canadian needs, leaving 200 million cubic feet for export. This division had an important bearing, during the later stages of the controversy, on the three pipeline plans supported respectively by Trans Canada, McMahon of Calgary, and the Gairdner company of Toronto.

The Gairdner proposal was not properly a pipeline plan but a financing plan. It required the Federal government to buy \$100 million of bonds—which the government after long deliberation in 1955 had refused to do for Trans Canada. In its original form—never properly clarified later on—the plan required 10 years exemption from income tax. This is a step which has always been highly repugnant to the government and the Gairdner proposal, for these reasons, was not acceptable.

The McMahon plan was a real alternative. It failed because it proposed to export 400 of the 500 million cubic feet available, thereby violating the principle which the government regarded as absolutely vital. In any case, McMahon voluntarily withdrew from the field.

One other fact is necessary to an understanding of later government policy. The government refused throughout the period in which the pipeline policy took final form to agree that the export of gas is essential to the building of a pipeline east from Alberta to Montreal. There always has been and continues to be a strong element of nationalism in the pipeline policy. The suggestion that the building of a trans-Canada pipeline is dependent upon the decision

of the Federal Power Commission—that to this extent we are in the hands of the United States—has affected the St. Laurent government much as a red flag is said to affect a bull.

The pipeline policy evolved as follows:—In 1950-51 two pipeline companies were incorporated—a Winnipeg company which proposed to bring gas east to Winnipeg, and export large quantities immediately to the south; and a company backed largely by the U.S. gas and oil companies which proposed to build a line east to Toronto and Montreal. In January 1954, at the suggestion of the Alberta government these two companies amalgamated to become the present Trans Canada company. This company obtained permits to pipe gas eastwards from Alberta and to buy right of way. With the blessing of the Federal government it obtained a license to build from the Transport Board. All that was lacking was money. The total cost of the line was estimated at from \$350 to \$375 millions.

The ensuing developments were numerous and complicated. Briefly, the company found itself unable to finance without a permit from the Federal Power Commission—from the Canadian government's standpoint, an intolerable position.

In November, 1955, the Federal and Ontario governments, as a relief measure, undertook to build the unproductive bridge from the Manitoba-Ontario boundary to Kapuskasing—675 miles. The cost was estimated at \$120 million, with Ontario finding up to \$35 millions of it. This bridge line would be leased to Trans Canada on terms which made early purchase by the company from the governments practically a certainty. On the strength of this agreement, one of the chief shareholders of Trans Canada—Tennessee Gas—placed an order for the pipe for the 575 mile stretch from Alberta to Winnipeg. This turned out to be a most important fact.

But even with the northern Ontario section off its back, the Trans Canada company found itself unable to finance any major part of the line without the permit from the F.P.C. at Washington. By April of this year it was plain that no action at Washington could be expected for many months, maybe years and perhaps never.

Meantime in Alberta the wastage of gas and the accumulation of unsaleable reserves of gas were becoming serious. Much gas is found in Alberta so interfused with oil that when the oil is extracted

the gas must be sold or "torched". Hon. George Prudham, the Minister of Mines and Technical Surveys, and the Alberta Minister, informed the House of Commons that about one half of the gas produced in Alberta is wasted. Since 1947, when the Leduc field was discovered, 158 billion cubic feet of gas has been put to the torch in Alberta for lack of markets. And this practice will continue until markets are found. There are, of course, many purely gas wells. These are capped for lack of a market and the investment lies idle. Some \$150 millions of capital is now tied up in this way.

These were the pressures which forced the pace of policy. Alberta was clamoring for the eastward outlet. The eastern markets were clamoring for the gas. The pipe was on order but unless the option to buy was exercised early in June, the pipe would be lost and a new order stood no chance of delivery until late in 1957. A further source of pressure was that the experts believed that unless pipe-laying began by July 1, the 575-mile prairie section to Winnipeg could not be completed before freeze-up. And a split-season construction job would add materially to the cost.

The government's response was a policy which would authorize the Crown company (originally created to build only the northern Ontario section) to lend up to \$70 millions to Trans Canada to help it build the prairie section this year. The government contended that this legislation must be enacted by June 7 to enable the company to get to work, take up the option on the pipe and start pipe-laying by July 1. So the "time table" became the dominant factor.

Later on things were to go wrong with this time table. The steel strike, for example, has delayed production of pipe and may prevent completion of the prairie section before next spring. It had been assumed that with this construction assured, the financing of the whole venture would be possible. On this assumption the agreement with the company on the prairie section loan requires repayment by April 2, 1957. If the company fails, the government has the right to take over all its assets, franchise, etc. Due to the strike, however, this matter is also in some doubt.

★ ★ ★

With this background let us now view the crisis precipitated in the House of Commons itself. The government introduced the

resolution preceding the pipeline bill on May 14 and adopted a procedure without precedent in our parliamentary history. Mr. Howe moved closure at the end of his introductory statement.

Closure has always been a most unpopular procedure in the House of Commons. Historically, closure may be regarded as the instrument of the Conservative party. It was first adopted by the Borden government in the session of 1912-13 to end the blockade of the navy bill. It was resorted to again in 1917, 1919, 1921, 1926 and 1932. Only once, in 1926, has a Liberal government applied closure and that was at the time of the 1926 crisis when the Liberals did not possess a majority of the House.

Every outstanding Liberal from Laurier to Mackenzie King is on record over and over again against closure. In Mr. King's case, he made an exception. He would not oppose closure where a government measure was being "unduly" obstructed. Mr. King's words will be found in the Hansard for May 9, 1932, page 2719. There is no need here for quotation. The pipeline debate, extending from May 14 to June 5, is studded with quotations.

It will be generally conceded that closure is not only a desirable but, under present day conditions, an essential part of parliamentary procedure. But it will also be conceded that closure ought not to be applied until debate has continued for a reasonable time—at least, three or four days.

Look now at what happened.

Mr. Howe moved the pipeline resolution (May 14, page 3860) and made a brief explanatory statement of not more than 5,000 words. In closing he gave notice of closure. From then on not one moment of the entire debate—second reading, committee stage and third reading—was free.

The committee stage was easily the worst. Here is an illustration taken from p. 4283 of Hansard.

The House went into committee, Mr. Robinson (Simcoe-East) in the chair.

On Clause 1.

Mr. Howe: Mr. Chairman, clause 1 is the short title clause, stating that the act may be cited as the Northern Ontario Pipe Line Crown Corporation Act. It is purely a formal clause and since we have had some six days of general discussion and a few more days of procedural

discussion I move: That further consideration of this clause be postponed.

The Chairman: Those in favor of the motion.

Mr. Howe's motion was not debatable so there could be no debate at all.

Here is Hansard on Clause 2.

Mr. Howe: Mr. Chairman clause 2 is the interpretation clause and is standard in form. It gives definitions of the "board"; "corporation"; what a director means; what the Minister means; the Northern Ontario section "trans Canada" as the abbreviation of "Trans Canada Pipe Lines Limited" and the definition of "Western section".

I move: That further consideration of this clause be postponed.

You could hear the hiss of the axe.

Take the third clause (page 4311).

Mr. Howe: Mr. Chairman, section 3 establishes a crown corporation in the form usual for crown corporations appointed by the Federal government. The president and the four directors are appointed The head office of the corporation shall be in the City of Ottawa. The directors receive no salaries but are allowed their living expenses and the usual provisions are made for civil servants who may be employed entirely by the corporation. Mr. Chairman, I move that further consideration of this clause be postponed.

So it went.

This narration is slightly unfair to the government. It had been decided that while debate on the individual sections should be cut off, the House would be allowed a day or two on all the sections taken together. But this good intention never was uttered. Mr. Howe who was to announce it, forgot to do so and thus closure policy continued with extreme severity and without the slightest restraint until the end.

The result was the most embittered debate in our history. Never have there been such tempestuous scenes. The House of Commons never recovered. Indeed, instead of being confined to a party row, Mr. Speaker became involved. The end of the pipeline crisis was a motion of "no confidence" in the fairness and impartiality of Mr. Speaker. Hon. Rene Beaudoin was denounced as few Speakers have ever been in our House of Commons. And on the plain record of Hansard he deserved all that was said of him.

In the hubbub which ensued when this extreme form of closure was applied, the pipeline bill was largely forgotten. This was a pity because it was a good bill. Whenever the members talked about the bill, the government's stock rose.

The Conservatives denounced the bill as a sell out to U.S. oil interests. This criticism was, in effect, discounted by Premier Frost's statement to the Ontario legislature. The Conservatives' appeal was clearly intended to capture anti-U.S. sentiment.

The C.C.F. had an alternative policy—public ownership. But public ownership was a second best policy for several reasons. Gas pipelines are not common carriers like railways, ships or airplanes. Gas pipelines buy the gas from the producers and sell it to the retailers. They own the gas as it proceeds through their pipeline. A little thought will show why this is the most efficient and sensible way to carry on this business. A Federal government obviously would not wish to get into the position of middle man in these circumstances. Nor would producers, who are very few compared with consumers, care to deal with a publicly-owned pipeline. The Alberta government, reflecting the views of the producers, has always been very strongly opposed to public ownership, as has the Social Credit party at Ottawa.

These points, however, were hardly mentioned in such debate as took place for, as the crisis deepened, all that seemed to matter was the severe and wholly unwarranted restriction of debate and the weakness disclosed in the speakership. However, even though the pipeline itself was forgotten, the tempestuous debate was not a total loss: it had a constructive side which drove home at least two important lessons.

* * *

The first lesson to be learned is that our parliamentary system can only work if given a measure of consent. The majority rules. But in ruling it must have a care for the minority. The use of closure in this case outraged the Opposition and this essential measure of consent was lost. Without it the House of Commons simply could not function. The first and the obvious victim of this breakdown was Mr. Speaker whose case deserves consideration in some detail.

As the temper of the House rose, an odd thing happened. The government, eager to make progress, hushed its supporters. They seldom spoke. The Opposition was continually opposing, mostly on points of order and procedure. Increasingly they found themselves arguing not with their Liberal opponents but with Mr. Speaker. He tended to become a pleader rather than the judge.

The pipeline proceedings were derailed at 5.15 p.m. on Thursday, May 31. At the time, the pipeline bill was in committee of the whole House where the rulings of the chairman were being constantly challenged. The procedure followed up to this point was that all appeals to the House from the ruling of the committee chairman were received by Mr. Speaker and immediately put to a vote. He had not up to this time permitted the merits of the decisions to be discussed. The question was simply—Do you or do you not support the chairman's ruling? The government majority invariably supported the chairman so that these appeals amounted to no more than brief delays in the proceedings of the committee.

On this occasion Gordon Churchill, Conservative, from Winnipeg South Centre, asked to be heard on a point of order. His point was that the decision of the chairman should be discussed by Mr. Speaker: that the appeal was really to a higher court. This, of course, was just a dodge to delay the bill. Had he been consistent Mr. Speaker would not have allowed a debate on this point. He did so and did not recover his slip until well on in the evening session.

It is to be noted that this was May 31, the deadline for the bill was June 7 and the government had allotted four of the intervening days to the Senate. There were but six intervening sitting days. The bill was in committee and still required committee approval and third reading—two stages—in the Commons. Under closure each stage takes two days. Thus the time-table already was under severe strain. The Senate would have to do without its full allotment of time.

Mr. Speaker recovered from the Churchill slip but only to fall into a fatal error. Mr. Cameron, C.C.F. of Nanaimo, on a question of privilege, called attention to two letters in the local papers, one of which criticised the government and the other Mr. Speaker. Mr. Speaker not only indicated that he would receive a motion censuring the writers, but, as Hansard shows, he instructed Mr. Cameron on

how to go about drawing such a motion. Having prepared the motion Mr. Speaker (page 4531) accepted it and put it to the House. Mr. Drew rose at once to speak, remarking that the motion was debatable. The government immediately objected—Mr. Speaker must continue with the pipeline debate by putting the motion appealing the chairman's decision. But Mr. Speaker, in effect, over-ruled the government by saying: "If Hon. members care to debate this matter before I myself am heard on the subject, I am not going to object: I am going to let them go right ahead, but at one stage of the proceedings I want to say that I will have to be heard."

Mr. Drew talked the sitting out and on that Thursday evening it seemed certain that the pipeline bill time-table was irretrievably lost. The best the government could hope for was to adjourn the debate on the Cameron motion as soon as a government member could get the floor. But there is no time limit on the Leader of the Opposition and he was reputed to be prepared to speak on this motion the whole of Friday—which would throw the pipeline debate over until the Monday. And what was to prevent the introduction of further motions of censure of this kind?

Undoubtedly Mr. Speaker was in error in accepting the Cameron motion. But the only proper way out was for the government to challenge his ruling and reverse it. Such a motion, of course, would be debatable and would play still further into the Oppositions' hands.

The moment the House opened on Friday morning, Mr. Speaker sought, himself, to recover the error. First he ruled the Cameron motion out of order—the very motion he had helped to draft and had accepted. His ruling having been sustained he proceeded:

Yesterday around 5.15 when I was called back to the chair for the purpose of receiving the chairman's report I made a very serious mistake in allowing the point of order and other dilatory motions; and I feel that the house should not suffer any prejudice or detriment on my account . . . I intend at the moment to submit to the house that, in my view, the house should revert to the position where it was yesterday when I was brought back to the chair to receive the chairman's report at 5.15. I submit to the house that the intervening proceedings should not supersede, and it is up to the house to decide as to the situation I take at the moment.

What this meant, of course, was that Mr. Speaker was moving—not ruling—that nearly three hours of debate and two of his own decisions be nullified. It was at once pointed out that Mr. Speaker cannot make motions. He took the position that this was not a motion but just a submission to correct an error. There was no vote on the point. Mr. Speaker, ignoring all protests, pushed ahead as if all the proceedings after 5.15 on Thursday did not exist.

The pipeline bill was saved: it was enacted before the deadline.

But a motion of no confidence in Mr. Speaker followed. The debate extended over six days, concluding on June 8. The government majority sustained Mr. Speaker.

This, however, was not the end. A few days later, Mr. Speaker wrote a letter to Mr. Cinq-Mars, a free lance writer on the Montreal *La Patrie*, discussing the pipeline debate. In this letter he wrote of his House of Commons critics: "My accusers falsified the facts for their own political ends." It was at once pointed out that if any member used such language in the House the Speaker would call for an immediate retraction. Mr. Speaker disagreed with this view. To be out of order, he said, a member would have to say "deliberately" falsified. The distinction made little impression on the members.

The temper of the House was now such that on June 29 Mr. Speaker offered to resign if a motion to this effect were moved. No motion being immediately forthcoming, Mr. Speaker on July 2 announced his resignation in the House. "I place now my resignation before the House to take effect at the pleasure of the House. I would wish that it be accepted as soon as possible."

Mr. St. Laurent at this time was in London attending the Commonwealth Conference. No action could be taken until his return at the following week-end. On Monday, July 9, Mr. St. Laurent rose in the House to say that Mr. Speaker's resignation had not been effective and that the government had prevailed upon him to continue.

The session went on until August 14 but it never recovered from these events.

★ ★ ★

The second lesson is that a very serious lack in our House of Commons is an independent, permanent Speaker after the fashion of the Speaker at Westminster. We alternate our Speakers with each

Parliament between French and English-speaking Canada. This practice hitherto has prevented a life appointment to the Speakership. Laurier once broached the matter with Sir John A. Macdonald but received no encouragement. Since then no responsible leader has been interested in the reform.

Our Speakers almost without exception have been creatures of the government whose majority appointed them. A few, by reason of great character, have risen above the average stature—but only a few. Their term of office, as a rule, is four years, and there is no pension. Their only security is the favor of the government—at best a portfolio, a judgeship or a senatorship; at worst renomination as the party candidate. In these circumstances it is day-dreaming to think that Mr. Speaker will treat the Opposition and the government alike. There is no escape from the fact that the Speakership under our system is a powerful weapon in the hands of the government.

A permanent Speaker would change all this. The alternation between French and English could take place with Speakers, instead of Parliaments. This, in fact, is exactly what has always been done with the clerkship of the House and there has never been any complaint. A permanent Speaker would be provided with an adequate retirement allowance, making him secure in every way.

Following the British practice, several important changes go with a permanent Speaker and all of these changes would have operated powerfully to prevent situations like the pipeline crisis from developing.

Closure is obviously a necessity in present day Parliament. But closure in the United Kingdom cannot be imposed without the permission of Mr. Speaker. He has the power of veto. And he exercises this power. On average, Mr. Speaker, at Westminster, disallows one third of the government's motions for closure. He is the judge and the sole judge of whether sufficient time has been given to the debate and whether the opposition has become captious and undue.

There are other differences which have no direct bearing on the pipeline crisis. But all the changes which would result from the adoption of a permanent Speaker on the British model would be beneficial. Certainly no permanent Speaker would ever have agreed to the application of closure at the outset and at every subsequent stage of the debate.

William Faulkner

—Soothsayer of the South—

by

MILLAR MACLURE

Here, writes Professor MacLure is the "American Joyce" who fires a whole salvo out of the thesaurus at his readers, causes the "literary seismographs to wobble furiously as each new book appears," and manages nevertheless to convey "his complex and powerful vision of man."

There has been for some time a well-established Faulkner industry humming in the periodicals and the university presses. Its output is so far smaller and less finished than that of the Melville factories, for Faulkner is still writing and rather unpredictable. He may yet upset the works. But, after the proper period of neglect, he has been pretty thoroughly dissected in "the corpse-like fluorescent glare" of the seminar room and has suffered, though with a bad grace, the American apotheosis, a *Life* treatment. All *Life* articles, whatever their pretensions, are magnified captions, and the Faulkner caption may be reduced to one word, *maladjusted*.

He is a difficult subject, not easily caught in a photograph and labelled by a caption. He does not, apparently, interview well, though since winning the Nobel prize he has gone about more and become more complaisant; to talk to him or to gossip with his friends and enemies about him produces no coherent portrait, only a mess of contradictions. He is the American Joyce; the focus of a whole farrago of irresponsible anecdote and curious legend; like Joyce an exile. Faulkner has been for years an expatriate; Oxford, Miss. is his Paris, his Zurich.

Oxford has been, like other Southern communities, gradually re-joining the United States. It left the States of Jefferson and Jackson; it returns to the States of politics by cardiogram and the TV spectacular. Faulkner, it seems, cannot abide the new country. His ad-

vent upon contemporary America is like that of the wilderness prophet Amos upon the kingdom of Israel: he preaches, utters dark sayings, surveys with gloom, with heavy irony, with anger even. He predicts a subterranean civilization; with the contempt of an old-fashioned landowner he sees the little suburban homes, the homes of the "common man", like sheep clustered about the hooves of the old Southern horse. He resists centralization, bureaucracy; the whole culture of the blueprint and the committee is anathema to him. A Jeffersonian, perhaps the only one left, he is a thorn in the flesh of the present time. (William Van O'Connor, in his recent and readable *The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner*, on the whole resists this interpretation, but not, I think, convincingly. He keeps trying to make Faulkner more reasonable and flexible than he is, and overlooks the evidence of such a story as "The Tall Men").

But it takes more than one temperamental author to disturb the giant mechanism of that culture. His polemics on the negro question, in *Intruder in the Dust* and public letters, are deftly countered in the political weeklies; his later style ridiculed by middle-brow reviewers. His Nobel Prize acceptance speech is reprinted, joining *A Rose for Emily* and *That Evening Sun*, in freshman anthologies, those curious monuments of purple-patched woodpulp. Meanwhile he is packaged in the lurid covers obligatory in the drug-store trade, the red meat of sex and violence peeled from the bones of his art and greedily swallowed by travellers, stenographers, and all the anonymous millions whose reading wanders from Mickey Spillane to Margaret Mead. America is assimilating him. But perhaps it is not too late (or too early) to attempt some general observations on his achievement.

The saga of Yoknapatawpha County ("William Faulkner, Sole Owner and Proprietor") may be said to be concluded. Faulkner will, we hope, add more episodes to the cycle or rediscover certain characters and periods; there is no reason why he should not thicken the texture of the material, so to speak, as much as he wishes. But the pattern now seems fixed, and to break it impossible without an irresponsible repudiation of all that has been done. Considered as history, the cycle is a microcosm of the South; as poem, it is an epic of the land, of the ravaging of the land and the vengeance of the timeless and indestructible earth upon its masters. In the tradition of fic-

tion, these stories form an American *Comédie Humaine*. Faulkner admires Balzac: "he created an intact world of his own, a bloodstream running through twenty books." Note the metaphor.

The cycle consists, to date, of eight novels, four more or less homogeneous collections of shorter episodes, and twenty-odd short stories. Not all of these are "serious" contributions to the work: for example, the World War II stories "Two Soldiers" and "They Shall Not Perish" sound like a parody of Faulkner written by a Pentagon public-relations officer, and "My Grandmother Millard" is a bit of *Saturday Evening Post* candy fluff. (Faulkner has written more than *Sanctuary* for money. Let him who has equalled *The Sound and the Fury* cast the first stone.) Faulkner seems to be able to regard his material as existing independently of anything he has written out of it. Now and again, in the novels, he will hack out a piece, polish and shape it, and present an almost autonomous work; at other times he simply chips off a fragment, shining or dull, and tosses it negligently into print. Or, in *Requiem for a Nun*, he reveals himself busy quarrying images out of the ore-face. One feels that the whole thing must be there in his mind complete, and yet, paradoxically, only really existing when it is summoned up sporadically by the creative impulse. At all events what we have is a large, uneven, often shapeless mass of material, exasperating in its obliquity of reference, its complex allusiveness, a wilderness to the common reader and a happy hunting-ground for the critic.

Like the history of Europe, the story of Yoknapatawpha County is divided into three periods: ancient, medieval and modern. The antique world is peopled by the Chickasaws, who are in many ways Faulkner's most successful creations. Remote, immensely dignified, partners of the wilderness, they accepted the penalties of ownership, of property in slaves, with comic resignation. Dispossessed, they departed uncorrupted; their symbol, the bear, remained to be hunted by their successors. The age of chivalry began with the irruption into the wilderness of the Anglo-Saxon barbarians, the reckless bandits and daring settlers who founded the old Southern houses. They and their children established a feudal order which was destroyed in the Civil War; their symbol, the centaur, the man on a horse, persists into modern times, appears for example in the night-ride of Chuck

Mallison in *Intruder in the Dust*. The modern age began with the Reconstruction; it is dominated by the Snopeses, the parasitic poor-whites whose descendants and allies are the politicians, the cotton-brokers, the twentieth-century despoilers of men and land. The modern symbol is the automobile, which kills old Bayard Sartoris, which carries Temple Drake to her degradation. Ground-bass to these melodies is the constant triad: nigger-mule-land. These endure through the generations, when all that is left of the wilderness is an image in the memory of the old hunter Isaac McCaslin, and the great houses have surrendered to fire and to dust.

Such a summary as this is a reconstruction of a reconstruction, twice removed from the stuff of the legend, to which the "history" is a series of footnotes, some of them supplied by Faulkner himself. The cycle itself is the work of a great story-teller who rarely tells a story; that is, he does not so much recount events as describe the condition of being involved in events. Usually he tells us what occurred only obliquely; in his more highly sophisticated novels, *Absalom, Absalom!*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, the narrative skeleton must be dissected out of the flesh of the novel by a special critical process, and even then may be found wanting in some important articulation. He has in one place or another used every known device of indirection in narrative, and also invented (in *The Bear*, for example) others of his own. In fact the whole work is a continued allegory or dark conceit, in which it is the literal level that lies deepest. As a result the surface is a stormy and confused expanse, littered with symbolic fragments, peopled by ghostly forms seen in a hallucinatory twilight, the populace of a continent heaved up suddenly from the deep. Even in that trivial and amusing sidelight on the career of Flem Snopes, "Mule in the Yard", the effect is of a cyclonic dream-like violence out of which emerge the thin voices of shades raised in demonic outrage, triumph, and despair. And the stillness of Faulkner is the stillness of a rest in music, during which the personages of the ballet remain fixed in a desperate immobility, so still that one can feel the primordial silence of the planet, before life was. The shapes of unconscious creation, incest, father-hatred, the totemism, the phallic imagery, dominate the foreground, gigantic, horrible or comic, like huge African masks worn by the characters; the effect

is something like that of a ritual dance. Certainly a good deal of Faulkner's most grandiloquent language is a species of mumbo-jumbo, powerful and vague like a spell.

If you are not careful you will laugh. The line between the demonic and the absurd is very thin: the absurd is most absurd when it touches the edge of fear, and the terrible is most terrible when it is almost ridiculous. It is on this boundary that Faulkner operates; at his best he is a master of the dialectic of terror and laughter.

His domain, then, is the half-world, the twilight of the consciousness, the "natural" world of the idiot, of the unfettered imagination of boys and the archaic reminiscence of old men. ("People between twenty and forty are not sympathetic.") His narrators are hardly ever matter-of-fact; even the most "sane" of them, Ratliff the salesman, has an insatiable curiosity and a fine sensibility, and his blandness, his easy humorous way, is a mask. Even the more directly told of the stories are perceived in a series of vivid "shots"; the continuity is often sketched in gracelessly and carelessly, as in moving-pictures a few words of exposition are thrown on the screen between a fade-out and the next fade-in. Faulkner's technique is often reminiscent of the avant-garde film, and his plots are constructed on the principles of what the film experts call "montage". When he does attempt a really complex structure, his main purpose seems to be to substitute mythic time for clocktime. Beneath the swirl of action, the shifting tableau, the evocation of great "shadows of shades" in *Absalom, Absalom!* lies a sequence of dates, a history. But we read the story by the time of its meaning for Quentin Compson, who tells it, and since he does not simply know it but is haunted by it, we listen to his dream of people each of whom is dreaming, like the Red King, of the dreamer. The much-praised technique of *The Sound and the Fury* produces a comparable effect. We hear the voices of the generations echoing in the hollow vault of the idiot Benjy's mind, where all times are fused by fire and sleep. In Quentin's narrative, which follows, Quentin, on the last day of his life, tears the hands off his watch. Jason's narrative is dominated by clock and calendar time, work time, lunch-time, the time of arrivals of cheques, the time of a chase. The time of Dilsey, which closes the novel, is the time of God; she has seen the beginning and the end. The novel is a voyage

into, through and out of time, returning in the last sentence to Benjy's dream, in which all appears as in a mirror, the bottomless pool into which the river of time flows.

The human consciousness, as Faulkner conceives it, is contained by what it contains, and it may be said of his characters that they are prisoners of their own dreams. They are the products of a determinism less formally hypothesized than Hardy's, but equally thorough. As Calvinism (which is in Faulkner's background) breeds a desperate introspection, so this vision of man obsessed by his own fantasies creates a set of narcissistic personages, captives of their own reflections, self-tormented, isolated from their fellows. No other writer that I know of can convey with equal intensity the sensation of loneliness. Lonely as stars, and as fiery, his Compsons, Sartorises, Sutpens move somnambulistically to their doom.

The only escape from the wheel is in stoic resignation, stoic laughter. Uncle Isaac McCaslin is a figure of archaic dignity and virtue. On the basis of *Delta Autumn* alone, that marvellous story in which the old hunter accepts the tragedy of his breed, we might call Faulkner the Plutarch of the American frontier. As for the laughter, Ratliff is Yoknapatawpha County's Mark Twain: his commentary, sage, sardonic, extravagant, is, like that of Twain, an elaborate protest against mankind. Neither in Mark Twain nor in Faulkner is there any simply spontaneous bubbling laughter; their humour has a determined, at times a desperate quality. They laugh that they may not curse.

★ ★ ★

The Yoknapatawpha stories constitute a private world, the creation of a hermetic talent. It is this fact which has led some critics to fruitful comparisons with Hawthorne. The novels and short stories which do not belong to the cycle are symptoms of genius rather than demonstrations of its power. They make up a chaos of imperfections. Some are false starts, mannered mistakes. *Mosquitoes*, for example, is the painful record of an early attempt to be sophisticated, and "Mistral" is an unsuccessful fling at being Hemingway. Each of the three novels *Soldiers' Pay*, *Pylon*, *The Wild Palms*, has as subject an obsession or traumatic condition; each is experimental in form. Each is a flop. *Soldiers' Pay* may be ranked with the "juvenilia," with the poems

and *Mosquitoes*, and it shows us how only a great writer can write a really bad book. There is almost complete lack of control: everything is false, false symbolism, false rhetoric, false situations. The only value of the book is that its theme illustrates Faulkner's great compassion. That compassion is one source of his preoccupation during the twenties (and as late as *Pylon*, 1935) with the psychological states of flyers. It is easy to see how he could have become fascinated by this new dimension of human experience explored in his own lifetime. The men of the Flying Corps were for him the new paladins, as his portrait of Bayard Sartoris shows, but paladins with a difference. The horse magnifies a man's nobility and enlarges his freedom; the aircraft, while drawing upon his endurance and rewarding his daring, subjects him to a mechanism, de-humanizes him. The barnstorming pilots and parachutists of depression days apparently made a curious impression on Faulkner's mind. They were not knights, but more like squires of the planes they rode. Like the characters of the saga he was creating they were captives of necessity, though necessity often looked like a dollar bill, a bottle or a woman. They were perhaps the last romantics. In *Pylon*, the title of which refers to a course marker in air races and is also an obvious sexual symbol, Faulkner's *raisonneur*, an alcoholic skeleton of a reporter, is driven by intimate observation of the lives of these flyers into a state which can only be described as a delirium of pity. Drawn irresistibly into their world, he finds that the centre of the wild vortex is a woman who is the mistress not so much of the flyers as of flight itself. Her child is a child of the air. She is the Leda of the air meets.

If the element of the woman in *Pylon* is air, the two women of *The Wild Palms* are of fire and water, and the contrast between them is the best (perhaps the only) excuse for the juxtaposition of the two stories which make up the work. The heroine of the title story and her lover go upon a dry odyssey of passion which ends in sterility upon a windy shore; the woman rescued by the convict from the "Old Man" (the Mississippi in flood) has her biological triumph over her unwilling companion and protector. Her child is born, out of the deep as it were, on the fecund edge of the primordial waste of waters. Fire burns out; water renews.

These are great images, but images somehow lost in search of a fable truly expressive of their meanings. One gets no sense of completeness, of autonomy, from these narratives. They seem to imply the existence of a whole world of reference beyond and around them, a world the outlines of which we cannot surely trace. The trouble is that Faulkner's imagination is epic or it is nothing; these stories are fragments of an epic not yet realized—or unrealizable. Consequently everything is out of proportion, seems at once over-written and imperfectly conceived.

In short, these works seem apocryphal. If the facts of Faulkner's life and the dates of his publications were destroyed, so that the literary historians of the future were to know as little of him as we know of the dramatist John Webster (a writer of similar preoccupations), they would "attribute" these novels to him. They are apocryphal in another sense too. Not only is the Bible the major literary influence discernible in Faulkner's work, but he is himself consciously or unconsciously a writer of scriptures. The elements of allegory, history, prophecy, ritual and apocalyptic vision which make up the Biblical epic are all agreeable to his genius. It is by no means fanciful to see Old Testament narrative and prophetic patterns in the Yoknapatawpha saga, and the foreshadowing of a new testament in the musings of Rev. Hightower and in parts of *Requiem for a Nun*, to say nothing of the incidental Christ-symbolism of the whole canon. These lead up to his last major work, *A Fable*, which is the gospel according to William Faulkner.

Most great writers seem to produce one work in which their finest powers are displayed, but with an effect of strain and disproportion, as if the form refused to bend to the force of passionate thought. *Measure for Measure* is such a work, so is *Our Mutual Friend* and so is *A Fable*. Having worked out a scenario of correspondences between his World War I corporal and Jesus, Faulkner supplements this central allegory with a powerful and enigmatic vision of a dispatch-runner (Precursor) who suffers between a white horse-thief ("Mystery") and a negro preacher ("Everyman") and is an emblem of the indestructibility of man, that last-ditch message of the Mississippi evangelist.

In everything he has written, the reader will seek in vain for the epigrammatic or the incidental. There are no coolly phrased inscriptions, no pointed sentences which in a flash reveal both the meaning of a theme and the source of that meaning in the creative intelligence. Nor can there be found that illusive "reality" in the midst of fiction, suggested by the communion of food and drink, the flow of small talk, or any of the easy habitual activities by which the risk of living is blunted into routine. Faulkner is not in fact a "familiar" writer. Unlike those artists who confidently address an intimate circle, and draw upon common memories and shared assumptions, he lifts his voice constantly as if to rouse an echo from the empty space around him. His full-toned rhetoric is not subdued to the private murmurs of a clique, nor does it need any mechanical amplification. In a period when the writer's art is often valued for its suggestive understatement and ambiguity of reference, when the meaning of a poem is communicated from reviewer to reviewer like the details of a conspiracy, Faulkner's prose has an archaic sound, like a hunter's horn. He is at his best in the oratorical set piece: a theme is lifted, with the born rhetorician's reverent excitement, from its context; there is a pause. Then he begins. Though his comment on the poetry of Tennyson is mainly unkind—"the fine galloping language the gutless swooning full of sapless trees and dehydrated lusts"—his own best effects are surely Tennysonian, full of the narcotic cadences of the opulent period, the dying fall.

But Victorian rhetoric, either in the high-pitched paragraphs of his boyhood reading or in the old tradition of Southern oratory (now, alas, rarely heard), was always Ciceronian, based firmly upon the balanced, duly proportioned declarative sentence. Faulkner has virtually abandoned the sentence as a means of expression. As I have already pointed out, he has never been much interested in direct statement, and, having forced conventional grammar to its ultimate point of obliquity, he has sacrificed it to his own purposes. Of late, his "sentences," sometimes several pages long, may contain a number of paragraphs, double or triple parentheses, and avalanches of quotations. A sentence for Faulkner is no longer a vehicle for statement, but represents a phase in his evocation of his theme; it is a unit of inspiration rather than of intellection. These gargantuan blocks

of narrative meditation are to be distinguished from the run-on technique of the interior monologue in *The Sound and the Fury*, *Absalom, Absalom!* and elsewhere. That is Joycean, and standard form; it should bother no one. But one cannot exactly *read* the fourth section of *The Bear*, for example, or the "Jail" section of *Requiem for a Nun*; one submits to them. The sensation is something like listening to "program music".

In such passages the syntax is arbitrary; the next step would be to make the vocabulary arbitrary also, to write an American *Finnegan's Wake*. But Faulkner cannot take this step, because he is very imprecise in his language. When he wishes to convey the exact quality of an experience, he fires a whole salvo out of the thesaurus. Witness this passage from *The Sound and the Fury*:

We have a few old mouth-to-mouth tales; we exhume from old trunks and boxes and drawers letters without salutation or signature, in which men and women who once lived and breathed are now merely initials or nicknames out of some now incomprehensible affection which sound to us like Sanskrit or Choctaw; we see dimly people, the people in whose living blood and seed we ourselves lay dormant and waiting, in this shadowy attenuation of time possessing now heroic proportions.

Or this, from *As I Lay Dying*:

That's the one trouble with this country: everything, weather, all, hangs on too long. Like our rivers, our land: opaque, slow, violent, shaping and creating the life of man in its implacable and brooding image.

Every theme in Faulkner is compassed about with a great cloud of polysyllabic witnesses. Even the most tortuous sentences of the late style have accordingly a rolling oratorical tone, which contrasts oddly with the esoteric expressionism of their form. No wonder the literary seismographs wobble furiously as each new book appears, and the disaster squads are deployed in the reviews to set things in order again.

But no matter what our objections and doubts, it is certain that the dense texture of his writing triumphantly conveys his complex and powerful vision of man, in which the reader participates not by contemplation, but through initiation. One "goes through" Faulkner, and the rewards are great.

Rip Van Winkle In South Africa

—Boer Nationalism—

by

SHEILA PATTERSON

Dragged from the seventeenth to the twentieth century over the past few decades the Afrikaner defiantly brandishes an aggressive nationalism. What is happening to this nationalism under pressures of industrialisation and urbanism? Will it produce a suicidal clash with the negroes?

In two Commonwealth countries, Canada and the Union of South Africa, the settlers from Britain have found another European group in prior possession. The subsequent history of French Canadians and Boers or Afrikaners, and the development of relations between them and the British, have been similar in the economic and social spheres.

Geographically, demographically, culturally and politically, however, this historical background has differed considerably. The French Canadians cling tenaciously to the East and to the main ports of entry; the Boers withdrew to the interior. While the French Canadians constitute only the largest ethnic minority in a predominantly white population, the Afrikaners outnumber the English by 3 to 2, and all white men in the Union are outnumbered 4 to 1 by Africans (Negroes), Coloured People (Mulattoes) and East Indians (East). This is in a total population of some 13,000,000. The French Canadians retained their language with the utmost conservatism, and maintained their links with world-wide Catholicism. The Afrikaners evolved a new language which Hollanders now find difficult to follow, and broke away from the European Calvinist mother church when the latter became liberalised.

But perhaps the greatest difference between the two countries is in the political sphere. Canada has a federal system, which satisfies local aspirations to a great extent; the Union's unitary system, on the other hand, permits substantial minorities to dominate and dictate policy for all the four provinces, and for the non-enfranchised non-white peoples. At the time of Union, in 1909, several wise South Africans advocated federation, and it may be that under the Canadian system the development of Afrikaner nationalism need not have been so violent and universal. It is because of the fact that this nationalism is now in control of the Union's political destiny for the foreseeable future that the origins and character of the national-minded majority of Afrikaners are of increasing interest to the rest of the Commonwealth.

The first recorded use of the term "Afrikaner" was in 1705. Significantly, the affirmation "I am an Afrikaner" was made by a Huguenot settler called Bibault. For "Afrikaner" means an African, and it was the Huguenots, even more than the early Dutch and German settlers, who regarded Africa as their only future home, and who stamped the Boer people with their own religious fanaticism and craving for freedom.

At that time the term meant no more than an attitude of mind, a rejection of Europe and an acceptance of Africa as the homeland. It did not involve a separate language, an exclusive culture or a group consciousness other than that of colonists against officials. Still less did it involve the trappings and symbols of modern nationalism. From the start, however, the term Afrikaner meant a Christian, and increasingly it came to mean a white man. Nevertheless, Boer (farmer or land-owner) was for long the preferred name of this land-loving egalitarian people, especially after a large part of them trekked away from British rule in the 1830's. Afrikaner did not become a universal term until the breakdown of the old homogeneous rural society, the search for a new unifying principle, and the self-conscious period of national-minded revival in recent decades.

At the outset, "Afrikaner" was not so exclusive a term as it was later to become. Earlier political leaders equated it with "South Af-

rican". They included within it all whites who regarded South Africa as their home and object of primary loyalty. Botha and Smuts thought in terms of a "single" nation of Boers and Britons; Hertzog believed that a "whole" nation could only be built of two distinct and complementary groups, South Africans and Suid-Afrikaners. The most tolerant thinkers, however, never considered the possibility of including the other "nation," the millions of Africans and other non-whites. To the Afrikaner, the black man was a Kaffir, a Native or, amongst more gently-spoken intellectuals, a Bantu; he could never be an "African" or "Afrikaner". Race purity and a high regard for it were increasingly demanded of the "ware Afrikaner", and "white blood" was invested with almost mystic properties.

Gradually the voice of those Afrikaners who wished to equate Volk and Nation, and to exclude all non-Afrikaner and then all non-Nationalist elements, began to prevail. Afrikanerdom became equated not only with whiteness, the Afrikaans language and the Calvinist faith, but with a political creed. The national-minded Afrikaner has now equated Nation and Volk to the extent that large numbers of Afrikaners, despite all traditional cultural links, are regarded as non-national elements and are excluded from Volk-membership on political grounds. These anti-Nationalist Afrikaners have, incidentally, suffered a twofold rejection, for many of their English-speaking political allies accept the Nationalist usurpation of Afrikanerdom and regard all Afrikaners with increasing distrust.

The impetus of continued victory has carried national-minded Afrikanerdom from the egalitarian aspirations and the unforced sense of unity of Anglo-Boer War days to the aggressive exclusiveness and regimented uniformity of so many twentieth-century nationalist movements. The exclusiveness is accentuated by the fact that, in contrast to the French Canadian group, Afrikanerdom has to share its living-space not only with another white group linked to a world culture, but with a group of non-whites of an alien culture in whom the seeds of nationalism are already quickening; these moreover outnumber the whites by four to one. Group unity is therefore threatened both culturally and demographically from without. From within it has for several decades been endangered by the great social and

economic revolution which smashed the old Boer way of life, and created a vast Poor White problem and ultimately an Afrikaner urban proletariat and commercial class.

Afrikaner nationalism was borne out of the bitterness of defeat, and the fear of engulfment. It grew and flourished in a climate of economic insecurity and social and cultural frustration. Finally, this nationalism came to be deliberately cultivated by a rising intelligentsia of teachers, ministers and lawyer-politicians, who rewrote the peoples' myths and refurbished their symbols to suite their own purposes and the needs of a changing world. The nation was even endowed with a national soul, which made its care fall within the province of the Dutch Reformed Church. In the words of the song written by Dr. Theo Wassenaar for the 1938 centenary celebrations of the Great Trek: "God has decreed that we should be a nation, a nation with its own language and soul and will and spirit."

The dominant motifs of Afrikaner attitudes and behaviour today are deep-seated fear and insecurity. The words "danger" and "threat" are constantly on the lips of national-minded leaders. This fear and insecurity are manifested in a whole set of responses which show an increasing degree of aggressiveness, some avoidance, or refusal to accept reality, and a very low capacity for accommodation to the total situation. Aggressiveness has from the beginning been a primary response amongst the Boers, and one generally approved by the group—a group in which behaviour is in general characterised by directness and emotionalism.

The frontier and Republican Boers were particularly well situated for the development and perpetuation of a distinctive group character. The group consisted of individuals with a similar social and cultural heritage; they were undifferentiated in occupation and were living in isolation from the rest of the civilised world. Such a group might take a skeletal social and cultural framework with it into the wilderness, but most of its values were rapidly modified or changed under the impact of the new environment. And the difference in environment was that between the neat, fertile, tightly-populated plains of Holland and North Germany and the empty, arid sweep

of veld and mountain, where hostile natives lurked; a difference comparable, in the cultural context, to that between Nederlands and Afrikaans, the new language that the Boers evolved in speech and later in writing.

Where the Boers were concerned the change was hastened by the fact that they never fully dominated their natural environment, but accommodated themselves to its demands and limitations just as the black Africans had done before them.

The Boer was born in the isolation of the veld and out of the turmoil and danger of the expanding frontier. But the pattern of his growth down the generations was conditioned by one trait which was not shed but rather strengthened after the colonists' rejection of Europe—his rigid fundamentalist piety. This led him to regulate his life by the precepts of the Bible, which was as much a part of his equipment as his *roer* or gun. The Old Testament in particular described similar experiences, and the story of the Israelites encouraged a rough law-abidingness and that belief in vocation which the Calvinist doctrine of the elect had already inculcated.

Out of distance and social equality came the traditional freedom-loving independence, self-reliance, conservatism and hospitality of the Boers. Independence could on occasion veer over into egocentrism, factiousness, aversion to all discipline, restlessness and lack of co-operativeness. As the Boers said of themselves: "Elkeen wou baas en niemand Klaas wees nie." (Each wanted to be boss, nobody wanted to be bossed.) Self-reliance could generate self-satisfaction, which in turn could sap initiative. Conservatism was a natural development of the slow pastoral rhythm, the lack of formal education or outside cultural contacts, and the felt need to preserve group identity. It could at times degenerate into obstinacy, prejudice, exclusiveness and ancestor-worship.

Other Boer traits were conditioned less by the natural than by the human environment, and these were to prove more deep-seated and permanent. Almost without exception, Boer contacts with other peoples have served to evoke uneasiness and fear, however much these fundamental responses might be masked by superficial aggressiveness.

In Boer contacts with the African, fear has been the underlying reaction from the start. It was born on the frontier and sustained by the endless wars and campaigns of the nineteenth century. It persisted on the eroded veld and in the growing towns, wherever the impoverished Boer sank helplessly down to the economic and even the social level of the unskilled African labourer. Today it has flared again with the rise of black African states and such anti-white movements as Mau-Mau, and with the flooding of Africans into industry and the towns. (Nearly 70% of all industrial workers in South Africa are now non-white.) The old fear of cultural and physical swamping in a vast black sea has revived, reinforced by an increasing fear of revenge on the part of the black man.

To allay their early fears, the Boers conquered the African tribes, then reduced them to a permanently inferior status. For a few decades this sufficed to blunt the sharp edge of fear and hatred, and many Boers came to treat their Kaffirs with kindly condescension, just as a father treats a rather backward and permanently immature child. Today, however, the old frontier fears are back in full. But this time the African is a part, though unacknowledged, of the total society, and there is no more empty land.

Prolonged and intimate contact with the African has given the Boer his fear complex. It has also conditioned him in other ways. It has caused him to lower his standards of efficiency, and sometimes to accept beliefs which are superstitions in Christian eyes: it has given him an approved outlet for aggressiveness, thereby encouraging lack of control, arbitrariness and violence, and it has set up an inner conflict, usually unadmitted, by virtue of its incompatibility with the egalitarian and Christian values which the Boer so long accepted for himself.

Boer and Afrikaner attitudes to other non-whites, whom they have had no physical reason to fear, have been increasingly marked by a dichotomising tendency to classify all the country's inhabitants as white or non-white. More indirectly, however, fear has characterised Afrikaner responses to both Coloureds and Indians. In the former case, the Afrikaans-speaking and Christian Coloured People by their very origin and existence represent a threat to the purity

of the white race. Most cases of race-mixture have, after all, occurred between whites and light Coloured people. Furthermore, many Coloureds and Indians threaten the stereotype of the primitive non-white by virtue of their cultural level, and, in the case of the Indians, by their economic achievements. Recently, too, the despised South African "Coolies" (Indians) have acquired the backing of a powerful and verbally aggressive 'father-land' whose very existence threatens the whole set of values supporting white "baas-skap" domination.

Boer contacts with other whites have not been so intimate as they have been with the non-white peoples. The group that has exerted the major formative influence on the Boer has been the British group. The underlying motif of all Boer responses to the self-assured Briton and his world culture has been a feeling of insecurity, although this might often be combined with an uneasy respect and admiration. This insecurity was linked with frustration, suspiciousness, resentment, a feeling of inferiority and what might be described as the "porpoise close behind me" mentality. Trek where they might, in Natal or the Transvaal, the Boers soon found the long British arm reaching out after them.

The Anglo-Boer War came to be seen as the crowning act in a series of gratuitous attacks by Imperialist Britain. The effect was augmented by its aftermath of humiliation, bereavement, devastation and impoverishment, and above all, like the War between the States, by its destruction of the old Boer way of life. During this period the apprehension swelled into actual fear, fear that the nation would be physically destroyed in the concentration camps, where 26,000 women and children died. The Anglo-Boer war was followed by what the Afrikaner regarded as his economic subjection to English-dominated industrial and commercial interests.

The Afrikaner's feeling of insecurity still persists, despite the deliberately-fostered growth of Afrikaner-owned commerce and industry. It persists despite the virtually total victory of Nationalist Afrikanerdom in the political field. Even in the latter, the aggressive truculence of the victorious Nationalists often imperfectly masks a lurking uncertainty and apprehension. This is one of the motives

behind the incessant cry for a republic. In addition to being a part of the Trekker tradition, a republic would make it possible to cut the English-speaking South African's ties with his ruler and former homeland overseas. In republican isolation, the English South Africans might, it is hoped, become gradually Afrikanerised.

Such a development would bring a much-needed reinforcement into the ranks of white Afrikanerdom. It would also avert a trend that has been greatly disturbing national-minded leaders. For, so far, there has been a far greater tendency for Afrikaners to become Anglicised, than for the English-speaking to be Afrikanerised. All through Afrikaner history there have been constant defections from the national-minded core. These defections have either been total or partial. Under the latter heading come Botha and Smuts, who are regarded as collaborators or even quislings, working for Anglicisation and co-operation with the British on the basis laid down by the latter.

Some Afrikaners have been fascinated by the scope and maturity of English culture per se, and the opportunities it afforded to escape from the increasing constraint of the Boer *laager* to a wider world. Other Afrikaners have accepted the British way of life for the sake of economic advantage or for such personal reasons as marriage into the group. But apart from such overt defections, national minded leaders have come to realise that Afrikanerdom now faces an even subtler and more profound threat to its identity from within. Non-Afrikaner values based on the English and American urban way of life are in fact infiltrating Afrikaner society through the radio, the cinema and the popular press. In most cases this is happening through the medium of the Afrikaans language itself.

The national-minded Afrikaner's feeling of intellectual frustration in the face of a dominant culture has been intensified by the patronising and at times grossly arrogant and hurtful attitude of many British and English-speaking South Africans. This attitude was particularly prevalent in earlier days, although it has, since the comradeship-in-arms of both language groups in the last war and the Nationalist political victory, faded away in all but a few die-hard bastions. There are, however, some hints of a revival of jingois-

tic attitudes as a result of the growing feeling of impotent resentment amongst English-speaking South Africans over Nationalist aggressiveness.

The Boers of the Cape were exposed to well over a century of such attitudes. During the first British occupation, Lady Anne Barnard wrote to Henry Dundas: "We are both very civil and never despise anybody, which I can perceive as being one great error in some of the English." Nearly a century later, a letter published in the "Eastern Star" on April 15th, 1879, and signed "John Bull," illustrates the violent hostilities which were current and openly expressed at this period:

Who . . . would live in a district . . . inhabited by cowardly traitorous, yet boasting and senseless Dutch Boers who, although traitors at heart and openly avowing their anti-English feeling and hatred of the Queen's Government, are nevertheless allowed all the privileges and rights of loyal English subjects . . . ? It would indeed be a bright day for the Cape if every Dutch Boer was driven out of it, or even if they were deprived of their privileges and treated as the wretched, disloyal, ungrateful foreigners they really are.

Of a more recent period Sarah Gertrude Millin writes: "There was a time when the Englishman who came to South Africa completely changed his character so that his nationality stuck out of him like the quills of a porcupine. He lost the smooth and genial charm of the Englishman at home and disported himself with an assertiveness that not only emphasised the difference between himself and the man he called a Colonial, but that was haughtily meant to emphasise this difference."

Social slights and pricks are at least as important as economic or political discrimination. They also tend to leave a deeper mark on the memory than the many gestures of friendship, such as the Trust set up some years ago under the will of Sir Abe Bailey; its aim was to further South African national unity by such measures as fostering in each group a fluent knowledge of the other official language, through bilingual holiday camps and exchange holiday schemes. It may be that such things as the superior references to the Boer "patois" or "kitchen Dutch", harsh jokes about "Japies" and "back-veld

Boers" and the black-balling of eminent Afrikaners whose names were put up for "English" clubs, have been as much responsible as any other factor for the insecurity and resentment that caused the Boer to fight, and later stimulated Afrikaner Nationalism in the political, economic and cultural fields.

Modern national-minded attitudes towards the "Brit" range from the malicious bullying of the rank-and-file to the political sport of twisting the old lion's tail. On a higher plane, however, these attitudes have, in view of the need for white unity in face of the black danger, and of the Nationalist Government's continued dependence on the overseas English for championship in the outside world, been modified from the crude exclusiveness of the period when Nazi Germany seemed to be winning the war. They now take the form of such demands as that recently made by Professor L. J. duPlessis of Potchefstroom. He wrote:

I would like to see them [the English-speaking South Africans] wholly absorbed by Afrikanerdom, and not merely absorbed politically into South Africa. This cultural absorption I desire, because I consider an inner union or unification necessary for the maintenance of our civilisation in Southern Africa, and because I see Afrikanerdom as the bearer of that civilisation, not in South Africa alone, but also further northwards. . . . This attitude naturally implies that we must be prepared to enlarge our own "Afrikanership" in this respect, viz., in that we shall have to assimilate also the English-speaking Afrikaner's cultural heritage. This does not mean that we shall have to renounce the Dutch basis of our Afrikanerdom, but only that we are prepared further to enrich it with English blood and culture, as in the past it has already been enriched by it, as well as by German and French and other elements. Personally I am perfectly ready to do this because for me Afrikanerdom is no static conception, but dynamic and expansive. In this connection I visualise an enrichment of Afrikanerdom similar to that undergone by the English themselves, when, with an Anglo-Saxon background, they assimilated the culture of their Norman conquerors and yet remained Anglo-Saxon in essence

The English-speaking South African's answer to this "come into my parlour" proposition was given by Professor Arthur Keppel-Jones in *Friends or Foes*.

We of British stock who were born and bred in this country are South Africans as surely as anyone else South Africa is our country, and we love it and we have grown up with the idea of serving it. The only thing that can kill this spirit is an attempt to turn us into Afrikaners. It is not that we feel a special antipathy to Afrikaners. It is merely that whatever contribution we make for the good of South Africa and the world must be our own contribution, derived from our own history and tradition and arising spontaneously in our own breasts. We will not wear the cast-off clothes of another man. We wish to serve South Africa, and we resent the Nationalists' insinuation that we cannot be South Africans without ceasing to be ourselves

The Boer character was formed in the isolation of the veld, and amidst the insecurity and turbulence of the expanding frontier. Then it was a true group character. Today, it has become an ideal. This ideal is constantly being held up to Afrikaner miners, clerks and factory workers by their ministers, their teachers and their political leaders, as the only fitting set of traits for a "ware Afrikaner" to display.

When national-minded leaders find so much exhortation necessary, it is reasonable to infer that they have noticed serious and widespread back-sliding. Indeed, the predikants (ministers) and writers often admit this themselves, although they will never admit that the lapse represents a permanent change.

Yet it is hardly possible that a group which has experienced so great a social and economic revolution, which has been dragged from the seventeenth to the twentieth century in a few decades, should preserve an ethos linked with a nearly defunct way of life. The old frontier Boers shed much of their Huguenot and Dutch cultural paraphernalia when they moved into the interior. How then can a poor white living next to a coloured family in a slum, or a miner in his neat suburban house, or a briskly efficient businessman, be expected to conform to the old patterns of thought and action, except nostalgically once a year, when they put on corduroys and *veldskoene* and drive in their "Model T's" or their American cars to attend the Ceremony of the Vow.*

* This commemorates the defeat of the great Zulu chief Dingaan at Blood River in 1838, it is Afrikanerdom's greatest national day.

It is the traits that arose in the veld that have suffered most as a result of impoverishment, industrialisation, the impact of urban values and the regimentation of education and communal life by national-minded leaders. The old independence and love of freedom have withered into an acceptance of authority, or have been distorted into a lust for power which increasingly denies freedom to others. The patriarchal or authoritarian principle has gradually triumphed over the libertarian one.

Hospitableness and personal dignity are waning traditions. Self-reliance has dwindled under the pauperising impact of relief schemes and sheltered labour policies. In the closer contacts of modern life there has been a considerable increase in co-operativeness, but a tendency to factiousness still persists in personal relations and political life. Under the impact of the outside world, conservatism has tended to rigidify into isolationism, prejudice, worship of the past, and a refusal to compromise with or adjust to new ideas or situations.

The "ware Afrikaner's" feeling for order and respect for moral precept has shown a tendency either to disappear, or to shrivel into an empty legalism without ethical content. Devoutness has shown greater staying power. In the country districts, however, it has often dulled into superstition or an almost Islamic fatalism; under the influence of urban secularisation this attitude has tended to be submerged or partially diverted to such objects of worship as the Volk or Nation and its leaders, past or present. The 'Chosen People' complex of old days has degenerated into an uneasy Herrenvolkism. The worship of Calvin's stern God, which formerly supported the patriarchal authority of the father—an authority so common in pastoral, warlike and semi-nomadic societies—has now been diverted to worship of the leader principle.

The Afrikaner is no longer so close to the veld, (70% now live in urban areas), but he still lives in close contact with the Africans and the English group. In these relationships there has been no significant change in the basic reactions of fear and insecurity, although overt behaviour is increasingly violent and aggressive towards both groups.

The Afrikaner's fear of the black man is a real and definite emotion. It is continually being played upon by Nationalist speakers, and is in fact one of the main elements in maintaining national cohesion and unity. But the basic insecurity of the Afrikaner people in their new environment and in their new proximity to the rest of the world and its values has produced other and more amorphous bogies. Amongst these are Communists, liberals, the overseas press and above all the United Nations Organisation, where coloured men may with impunity cast stones at white men. In general, the national-minded Afrikaners see themselves as a unique group proceeding along the path divinely determined for them and struggling to survive against the machinations of a mysterious set of malevolent outside forces. These forces, as a Government statement put it in 1955, "are ever ready to besmirch South Africa . . . [and] pour forth a flood of propaganda based on ignorance, prejudice and hostility against the Union".

The first reaction of many Afrikaners to such a situation is one of hypersensitive avoidance, tempered with counter-aggressiveness for home consumption. The Afrikaners cannot as in the old days trek away physically from the hateful circumstances, but they can make such "snook-cocking" gestures as walking out of U.N.O. In general, they can close their minds and pretend that the offending situation does not exist, or at least have any significance.

This hyper-sensitive "all the world's against us" attitude serves to distract Afrikaners from a state of mind which is closely linked with it. This is a profound anxiety and pessimism about the future. It is a feeling that is rarely put into words, for it would involve facing the bitter reality. When it is voiced, the responsibility for the approaching doom is transferred to the outside world, whose peoples are represented as having persistently misunderstood, besmirched, oppressed or humiliated the Afrikaner nation. And the statement of this anxiety has all too often the sound of a death-wish. *Apartheid* is a last ditch policy to save Afrikanerdom from being swamped in the black sea that threatens it, but in their hearts many Nationalist Afrikaners do not believe that it will succeed. Rather than adapt or

compromise, they are, however, prepared to go down before the black hoards in glorious sunset defeat, the last lonely champions of White Christian Civilisation.

Whether or not the rare liberals within the Dutch Reformed Church or the increasingly powerful pressure-group of prosperous and realistic Afrikaner commercialists can prevent this ultimate and suicidal clash is a question that few would care to answer. On them and the increased adaptability of the group as a whole depends the answer to the question—has the Boer Rip Van Winkle a future or only a past?

Summer at Lonely Beach

— A Short Story —

by

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

We used to spend our summers at a resort near Winnipeg called *Gimli*. My mother was very fond of walking, and as a result, after our morning swim, she would gradually herd my two brothers and me along the lakeshore for a mile or two until we came to a much less attractive part called Lonely Beach. Here the shore was narrow and instead of sand it was strewn with small pebbles and chunks of driftwood. My mother, who was of an artistic turn, would try to interest us in searching among the pebbles for shapes, or better still, for stones with small holes in them so that they could later be strung like beads or made into ornaments.

While we were thus occupied, my mother would read. She was a passionate admirer of the printed word and of the feminist movement which enjoyed a vogue in those days. Among her friends was one of those stalwart defiers of convention who travelled about lecturing on women's rights, or possibly it was trade unions that were her specialty. I remember her dimly as Miss Menzies, a woman with a straight brush cut, who used to arrive periodically at our house weighed down by brief cases, boxes of pamphlets and packages of glazed fruit that bore a San Francisco label. She was an animated talker who would sometimes interrupt herself to smile and inquire of us regarding our doings, and occasionally she would tell us about her own son, George.

I remember asking my mother how, if she was Miss Menzies, she could have a son at all, and getting the reply that Miss Menzies was not like other women. She was "developed". To be sure, she was married, but she did not care to live with her husband, a Mr. Warren. He had no sympathy or feeling for intellectual things and expected Miss Menzies to live with him on his farm in Alberta.

"In any case," my mother would wind up severely, "these things have nothing to do with you. You'll understand them when you're older."

The following summer, when we spent so much time at Lonely Beach, I was certainly older, but I still did not understand. I was more mystified and felt more ignorant, when we came quite surprisingly upon Miss Menzies sunning herself in front of one of the few summer cottages to be found at Lonely Beach. I would have thought she spent whatever time that was left from lecture tours with her husband and her son George. Instead, here she was, a stone's throw from Gimli, lying spread-eagle in the sun. I couldn't help staring rudely at her because her hair looked so different. The short graying crop had been replaced by a languorous fall of black, carefully marcelled waves.

My mother stared too until Miss Menzies cried with all her old energy.

"Don't stare so, Fanya. It's me all right! As for this hair, I just had it dyed. Tell me, do you like it?"

Then they both burst into laughter and admiring little cries and the air began to buzz with their quick fruity Russian. I didn't understand a word except the frequent interspersings of their given names—*Fanya* and *Regina*—which sounded foreign and poetic in the Russian context.

For a while it pleased me to sit by, to drink this barbaric word-age with my ears and to recognize the names as they came into it. But I soon lost interest and wandered off to find my brothers. As usual they were sitting in the damp excavations they had made, pretending they were cars, and steering them with old sticks.

I sat down beside them, feeling despondent, and doodled in the sand. I drew storks and fish and then I drew beautiful profiles of ladies with wavy coiffures which reminded me of Miss Menzies and made me wish she had kept to her usual schedule of lectures in winter and Alberta farm in summer, instead of coming to Lonely Beach to occupy my mother.

Later, walking home for lunch, my mother seemed uneasy.

"Poor Miss Menzies," she sighed, "she is having a very hard time."

I wanted to know about George. Where was George and why wasn't he here with his mother?

"Well," my mother explained, "it seems her husband, Mr. Warren, won't let George come here. He insists on keeping him on the farm, and God knows what stories he is telling him about Regina. You may as well know, Miss Menzies has decided to leave her husband since they don't agree, but she feels very sad about her son."

"So remember," my mother warned me, "never speak to her about George."

I pointed out that Miss Menzies didn't seem sad. She had even dyed and curled her hair. I wanted to know why Miss Menzies lived here at Lonely Beach when the true summer colony was located in Gimli. Didn't she want to see any of her Winnipeg friends, the ones that crowded our house in the winter?

Here my mother became angry and told me that there are always reasons for what people do and such reasons are not always understood, especially by children. She followed this up with the statement that love, particularly when it occurs between two people of different backgrounds, is no reason for marriage. And as though it were my fault, she kept scolding me all the way home.

From then on we spent part of each day at Lonely Beach with Miss Menzies. She always seemed glad of my mother's company and kept lending her one book after another. Looking back, I wonder if she realized just how disturbing these books were. Though I did not read them, they made an indelible impression on me, for even after twenty-five years I still remember the anguish and remorse that filled my parent after reading *A Montessori Mother*. If only she had learned all this while her children were still babies!

Another time it was a soft suede-covered volume of Pushkin's *Fables*. Well! For a week or two my mother banished the Book of Knowledge wherein was printed an inexhaustible supply of bedtime stories, and evening after evening we had to listen to her dreamily reciting fables in Russian, not a word of which my brothers or I understood.

Having finished with Pushkin, Miss Menzies proceeded to rouse my mother's social consciousness with a fat volume of horror stories called *Mother India*. I suppose the book was really a sociological study, but my mother interpreted it as a series of lessons on the down-trodden lot of women in the world.

When my father came out for the week-end she would say sarcastically:

"I suppose you expect me to burn myself alive on your funeral pyre in case you should die before me?"

My father would look bewildered. Then, by means of patient question and answer, he would trace the reproach to its source. This would be followed by a lengthy dissertation on the origin of certain Eastern customs to which my mother would reply:

"Hmm, men, what can't they find a reason for?"

Then my father would abandon that aspect of the argument and go on to say bitter things about Miss Menzies. More than once he forbade my mother to visit the house at Lonely Beach, particularly with us. Long after I was supposed to be asleep I would hear him warn against evil influences, and he would talk at length about how sensitive children are to atmosphere.

"Fanya," he would caution her, "you are walking on thin ice—one day it will break, and don't look to me to rescue you!"

To which my mother would make obstinate reply:

"That's just like a man! Don't worry, I'd rather drown than be beholden to you or any man!"

"Well, then, the children, think of them!" he would implore.

"Ach, Isaac, what do they know, the children, at their age? He's hardly ever there anyway. There is no harm in that house, believe me."

This talk of harm made me curious. To my mind there was nothing about Miss Menzies that was either bad or dangerous. She seemed to me to be made out of the same cloth as most of the teachers at our parochial school. Like them, she was European, and like them, she talked a lot about her ideals. There was this difference, which the summer made, she was not busy with lectures or the telephone,

and she looked very different in her bathing suit compared with the mannish suits I was accustomed to see her wear. And until you got used to it, her longish hair was apt to shine with a greenish tinge in the sun. I suppose hair dyes were not very fast in those days.

As the summer progressed I noticed that she looked less like Miss Menzies and more like the farm woman her husband expected her to be.

One day when my mother had borrowed Miss Menzies' boat and gone for a row with my brothers, I asked her if she ever heard from her son, George. She looked up from her book and said quietly:

"Yes, sometimes."

In that moment I sensed her vulnerability and knew that with my clumsy but unerring instinct I had uncovered a painful thing. But I drove cruelly on.

"Well, won't he come and stay with you for part of his holidays?"

"No, I'm afraid he won't."

I was passionately curious and the more so since this was forbidden ground.

"But why? Why not? Won't your husband let him?"

I don't know why she allowed it to go on. Perhaps, just as I had a need to venture into her adult life, she had a need to leave it.

"It isn't as simple as that. George's father and I were married a long time ago. But he is not exactly my husband any more. You see people make mistakes sometimes."

She paused and looked sad.

"And did you?"

"Yes, it was a mistake for us to get married. Mr. Warren likes to stay put, he likes the country mostly. I'm lonely there, I need people around me, I like to work with them. I want to study too. You see it really isn't anybody's fault."

"Poor George," I said irrelevantly, "I feel sorry for George."

"You're wrong," and Miss Menzies suddenly became her vigorous adult self, mollifying me with her clever arguments:

"George loves the farm, he has horses to ride, a tractor to drive, woods to explore. It's a good place for him to be, with his father."

And then for a last moment she weakened again and was betrayed into the role of a woman helpless with her problem.

"Love cannot destroy a strong woman. Children can."

Neither Miss Menzies nor I ever mentioned our talk to my mother. Because of it I felt a new sureness in my relationship both with her and with my mother. For the first time, it seemed to me, I was tasting strength while Miss Menzies must be feeling weakness. Something, I don't know what, softened and warmed between us. Was this the evil influence my father had warned about?

Up to the day of our conversation my mother, my brothers or myself had never been invited inside the cottage. We had often sat on the deck chairs out front and even gone as far as the porch, but the house itself had always remained closed. I supposed it must be because Miss Menzies, like many an intellectual woman of my mother's acquaintance, was not a very tidy housekeeper. I thought she might be ashamed of having people see the beds unmade and the dishes unwashed, as often happened in our own home.

But now, as though a barrier had been crossed and certain magic words uttered, we were invited in and I realized the reason was not one of untidiness. The house, besides being neat, was a place of wonders, even though it was a temporary home, a summer resting place. The beaverboard walls were hung with huge maps, carefully colored, labelled and dated. They weren't the ordinary sort of maps—in fact I have never seen anything like them since. They had been drawn by hand on large cardboard panels, hinged and screwed together so they opened like an accordion and they were inscribed with charts and historical summaries. Filled with names and dates as well as places, they were, as Miss Menzies explained, a new kind of map for teaching history and geography simultaneously. My mother admired the maps greatly and could not stop marvelling. I must say I was more interested in their decorative effect, in the Egyptians who marched barefoot across the 800th year and also in the tortuous waves that decorated the Red Sea.

And again, without preamble or discussion, we met the creator of the maps. He was introduced to us as Dr. Galill, although he was not a doctor for diseases. It seems he had studied in a European

university and was very learned. I guessed he must be Miss Menzies' real husband, as he was living in the cottage with her—though he only came there on weekends. The reason we got to meet him at all was that he was spending a fortnight's holiday at Lonely Beach.

I found out that he was a teacher from a town in Minnesota. Miss Menzies had met him on her travels and this summer he was taking courses at the university in Winnipeg. Watching him fuss over his maps or sitting on the beach besides Miss Menzies, I used to think that I would never choose a man like Dr. Galill for my husband. He was short and fair, and like many such men, had a large head which he accentuated by letting his hair grow thick and rather long and cultivating a heavy moustache.

As my mother put it, he had temperament. If, as happened several times, he started to explain his maps to my mother and Miss Menzies, and I or my brothers interrupted with what he considered a stupid question, the limp moustaches would bristle and charge with fiery impatience. Another thing that would draw bitterness beyond anything was to see me bite my nails. He simply could not bear it; he would fume and fidget, nag and scold, and finally order me from his sight.

He was often ill-humored, but he must have liked us somewhat. When we were getting ready to close our cottage and return home, he came with Miss Menzies to say goodbye and he brought with him three small, colored history maps of Gimli, one each for my brothers and me. They were beautifully drawn and scrupulously detailed and they were hinged, like his large ones, for easy storage.

I still have mine, and when I look at it with its fading areas of color and its too perfect lettering I remember Dr. Galill and Miss Menzies, the way they stood on the wooden railway platform at Gimli and waved goodbye to us.

It was just turning dusk, a warm, late summer dusk. We had boarded the train, found seats, and my mother had settled us around her. Just outside the window Miss Menzies and Dr. Galill stood waving to us. As the train began to heave and creak out of the station, the smell of lake water and sand came to me through the glass like something alive. We were losing it, losing it! Without knowing why,

I felt frantic. I wanted to lean out of the window and shout to Dr. Galill that I was sorry I did not think him handsome; and to Miss Menzies I wanted to cry out that I didn't mean to ask her about George—really, I never meant to ask! But the train was moving and wouldn't stop, and the weak light of the sun hit Miss Menzies' hair and made it glow for the last time, blue-green like peacock feathers.

Cyprus In Hazard

—Large Stakes in a Small Island—

by

J. A. S. EVANS

Here is the background and build up to the present crisis in Cyprus. Will the nations involved be prepared to swallow their pride? Can a solution be found?

On March the 19th, first day of Lent this year for the Orthodox church, a mob of Greeks at Vasilia on Cyprus invaded the Turkish quarter of the village. It was a small village, with 800 Greeks and 200 Turks, each in their own section semi-isolated from the other, but living on generally not unfriendly terms. There are many similar communities on the island. But this was the first time in many years that serious fighting had broken out between them.

There had been minor clashes and high tension earlier, especially after the death of the Turkish sergeant Ali Riza, who was killed by a Greek nationalist, or so the Turks suspected. That was on January 11th, while the governor and Archbishop Makarios were still holding conversations about the future of the island. Now the arch-bishop was in exile on the Seychelles Islands, living in a country house rather inappropriately named *Sans Souci*; the Greeks were more bitter than ever, and the Turks were on the *qui vive*. Next day a Turkish mob retaliated with an attack on the Greeks in the Cypriote capital of Nicosia, but police broke it up before any serious damage could be done.

The deterioration of relations between Greek and Turk is one aspect of the three-cornered struggle on Cyprus. It is now two years since Greece brought the question of Cyprus before the United Nations, and Britain was able to raise enough support to have the question postponed. *Enosis* (union with Greece) was not a serious problem, or at least Whitehall refused to see it in that light. Cyprus

was peaceful, although some disappointed Cypriotes did demonstrate when they learned of the U.N.'s negative action, but there was no serious "trouble". "If the Cypriotes really wanted *enosis*," British officials argued in London, and on Cyprus itself, "they would let off a few bombs now and then."

There is some chance that the British were right when they claimed that the majority of Cypriotes did not really want *enosis* immediately, but Whitehall was most unwilling to submit its convictions to the test of a popular election, and on April 1, 1955, "trouble" began. The first bombs which went off created more noise than damage, but after several weeks and a few rather contemptuous British statements, the quality of the bombs improved, and casualties began to mount. The victims, which have included an American Vice-Consul, have rather frequently been innocent by-standers, but their numbers have been impressive.

The problem of *enosis*, or union of Cyprus to Greece, is nothing new. The Greeks are fond of beginning their argument for *enosis* with the birth of Aphrodite, who is supposed to have risen from the sea near-by, or with the Homeric heroes, who were supposed to have colonized the island. It is also beside the point whether or not the Cypriotes are ethnically Greeks; as a matter of fact, the original population of the island seems to have come from Asia Minor or the Levant, but since the fourth century B.C. at least, there can be no doubt that Greeks or people who thought of themselves as Greeks were in the majority on Cyprus. In the period following the death of Alexander the Great, the island was joined to Egypt; the Roman Empire took over from Egypt and Byzantium from Rome. For a brief, brilliant period, Cyprus was independent under a Frankish dynasty, which fell under the domination of the Venetians first, and was finally terminated by the Turks.

Cyprus came to the British in 1878: the result of a back-room deal with the Turkish sultan whereby Britain guaranteed Turkey against Russia and received the use of Cyprus in return. The agreement, however, did not involve a transfer of sovereignty. The sultan insisted that his exchequer should not suffer from the loss of Cyprus, and it was agreed that he was to continue to receive the surplus

of revenues over expenditures from the island which he used to receive while it was still an Ottoman province. And so Cyprus became responsible for the payment of £92,799. 11s. 3d. annually, none of which ever reached the Sublime Porte, for it was applied to a Turkish loan which the British government had guaranteed and Turkey had defaulted. For the next two generations, until 1927, this "tribute" as it was called, was a bone of contention between the Cypriotes and the Imperial government, and impeded the development of the island more than any other single cause.

Thanks to the tribute, the British occupation brought the Cypriotes no relief from taxation. It did, however, bring them a certain degree of self-government. A Legislative Council was set up with nine Greek members, three Turks and six members appointed by the Governor. It is perhaps too severe a judgment to say that this excursion into self-government on Cyprus proved futile, but the governor ruled only by virtue of support from the three Turkish members; the nine Greeks, who seem to have been more or less in favour of *enosis* from the beginning, formed a frustrated opposition.

The British were not entirely unsympathetic; one could make a fairly large dossier of statements in favor of *enosis* made by British politicians, generally when they were members of the opposition at Westminster. But the island was still officially part of the Ottoman empire, and any suggestion of sympathy on the part of the British for *enosis* brought complaints from the Sublime Porte. A year after Britain annexed Cyprus outright in 1914, she did, in fact, offer it to Greece, but upon condition that Greece enter the war on the side of the allies. Greece refused, only to be manoeuvred into the war at a later date, and Cyprus remained British.

The desire for *enosis* cooled momentarily in 1922, when the Greek army was disastrously defeated by the Turks in Asia Minor. The Cypriote Greeks attempted to win a greater degree of self-government, but with hardly more success than had attended their agitations for *enosis*. The island was declared a Crown colony in 1925. The constitutional crisis reached a head in 1931, when a Greek mob

burned down the Government House, and although it was done more by accident than design, the Legislative Council was suspended and has never been restored.

Agitation for *enosis* continued none the less. Even during the second world war, in which Cypriote troops played a distinguished role, the agitation was by no means moribund, and after the war it was to be expected that the fate of Cyprus would demand attention. The election of a Labour government in Britain after the war raised the hopes of the Enosists even more, for, rightly or wrongly, it was believed that the Labour party was more sympathetic to Greek nationalist aspirations than the Conservatives. A delegation from Cyprus met the Colonial Secretary, Arthur Creech Jones, in February of 1947, only to be told that no change in the status of the island was contemplated.

The Cypriote Greeks retaliated by boycotting the new British governor, Lord Winster, who arrived on the island in April of 1947 with orders to establish a new constitution, which granted a considerably greater degree of self-government than the old constitution suspended in 1931. But the elective assembly was not to have the right to join Greece, and certain powers were reserved for the governor. Elections were actually held, but thanks to the Greek boycott, the assembly which resulted was completely unrepresentative. Hence the governor dissolved it, and the island remained without a constitution.

But on the economic front, the post-war policies of the British were more fruitful. Cyprus ceased to be the place where winded civil-servants came to die. A ten-year plan was introduced in 1946. The island suddenly developed a tourist business, for it was a Mediterranean resort inside the sterling area: ideal for English tourists short on foreign exchange. The Cypriotes were quick to take advantage of their position in the British Commonwealth and Empire much as they railed against it, for the island's emigration statistics showed that for every Cypriote who emigrated to Greece between 1950 and 1954, 755 went to Britain, and 162 to other Commonwealth countries. All this changed the Greeks' views on *enosis* not a whit.

But they might have been willing to delay implementing them had it not been for the personal efforts of Archbishop Makarios III, who appeared on the scene in 1950.

The pro-Enosis forces received some unexpected and unintentional assistance from Britain herself. The rigid refusal of Britain to discuss *enosis* at all damaged the Greek *philotimo*: his touchy self-pride which can lead him into actions inexplicable to foreigners. When the late Marshal Papagos was planning a trip to England, it is said that Anthony Eden told him that if he wanted to discuss *enosis*, he might as well not come. He didn't, but the Greek government began to whip up agitation in Athens.

Then a statement emanated from the Colonial Office announcing that Britain would never give up Cyprus. At that time, the island was quiet, although buildings in Athens bore stencilled posters demanding that the British leave Cyprus, and the Greek popular press was attacking Britain vigorously. But the moderate Greek Cypriotes, who favoured *enosis* emotionally, but did not want to sacrifice their economic position in return for patriotic catch-words just then, became suspicious of British intentions. Did the British intend that Cyprus should remain forever separated from Greece?

Even so, had a secret ballot been held on Cyprus at this point to determine its future, it is by no means certain that a clear majority would have voted for *enosis* immediately. No one has determined exactly how large the pro-Enosists are. Eighteen percent of the population are Turks, and violently opposed to any union to Greece. As for the Greek population, the "Ethnarcy Council" of Cyprus did hold a plebiscite in the Greek Orthodox churches in 1950, and the result was that 96% of the Greek male population voted for *enosis* without a dissenting vote. But the balloting was not secret, and it was preceded by inflammatory sermons from the pulpits. Lionel Shapiro, writing in *Maclean's* this spring, quoted a diplomat of a neutral power as estimating that 60% of the Greeks would vote for *enosis* on a secret ballot, and this, when the Turkish opposition was taken into account, would give only a slight popular majority to the party urging union with Greece. But the British were unwilling to test the sentiment of Cyprus on *enosis* by putting the matter to a vote, and preferred to hope that, if they ignored it, it would go away.

The first of April 1955, dispelled any idea that *enosis* would go away. The Enosists sprouted a highly effective terrorist wing called E.O.K.A. under the guidance of an officer of the Greek army, Col. George Grivas, who adopted the name of the Byzantine Greek hero Digenes Akritas. The British answered terrorism with repression; Field Marshal Sir John Harding took over at Government House, and the island became a morass of curfews, collective fines—and insecurity.

It is the tragedy of the Cyprus issue that it cannot be considered any longer by itself. It is even more tragic that, had the officials of the British Colonial Office been gifted with greater foresight, it might have been settled long ago on terms even less generous than they are now willing to give. The positions of the main protagonists have only become more desperate with time.

The government of Greece had always looked on the movement for *enosis* in Cyprus with favour, but no government had ever espoused the cause officially or with such fervour as the present one. In 1952, the Greek Rally party of Marshal Papagos was elected with only 49% of the popular vote, but thanks to a complicated electoral law which was the brain-child of the former American ambassador, John Peurifoy, it won 80% of the seats in Parliament. The Greek Rally had a number of solid achievements to its credit, but its popular favour was waning when the Cyprus issue presented itself. There was also personal pique; the Greeks were offended at the brusqueness with which the British government refused to discuss the future of Cyprus with them. Cyprus was an issue on which Papagos could scarcely lose; if he won the island, popular enthusiasm would make him the lion of the hour; if he failed, he would still be respected for trying.

But the failure of the Greek government to win some sort of settlement on Cyprus, rebounded on NATO, and called the whole pro-Western policy of the Greek Rally party into doubt. Papagos' successor, Constantine Karamanlis, dissolved the Greek Rally and won the February 19th elections this year with his newly-organized National Radical Union. But his margin was narrow, and it is

doubtful if his government can continue its pro-Western policy in the face of continued disappointment over Cyprus.

The British, seeking something to counterbalance the unrelenting pressure from Athens, turned to Turkey, and the Turkish premier, Adnan Menderes, whose economic policies were literally steering his country towards bankruptcy, rather welcomed the issue of Cyprus as a diversion. It is fairly easy to stir up suspicion of Greek irredentism among a generation of Turks brought up with memories of Kemal Ataturk and the "war of liberation" (which is the 1922 débâcle of the Greek army in Asia Minor). The officially-sponsored *Cyprus is Turkish* organization distributed propaganda, and Turkish newspapers headlined rioting in Athens and Saloniki. The result was almost too successful. In September of 1955, the Turks in Istanbul broke out into anti-Greek rioting which may have had official connivance in its initial stages, but the Turkish government could hardly have expected such extensive damage as there was. Istanbul was put under martial law briefly, and the *Cyprus is Turkish* organization was outlawed.

But the Turkish government remained adamantly opposed to self-determination for Cyprus. This summer the British reached the point where they were willing to grant Cyprus self-government with the right of eventual self-determination only to have their plan greeted with a resounding negative from Turkey. The British declared themselves shocked at the strength of the Turkish opposition and withdrew the plan; the opposing parties returned to their original deadlock.

For Britain the issues at stake are even greater. As a military base in a modern war, Cyprus is of slight value; it is not wartime need which is dictating British policy. The oil of the Middle East is at issue. Airborne units poised in Cyprus could intervene quickly and effectively in any Middle Eastern country which threatened Britain's oil supply—at least, theoretically. The base in Cyprus did not prevent the ouster of Glubb Pasha from Jordan, nor did it stop Col. Nasser from nationalizing the Suez Canal. But eighty percent of Britain's oil supply comes from the Middle East, and she cannot afford to take any move which might leave it insecure.

Of course, should Cyprus join Greece, the Greeks have already indicated their willingness to allow Britain a base on Cyprus. But it is doubtful if Britain would have unlimited use of such a base. Last year, Archbishop Makarios attended the Bandung Conference to rouse support for *enosis* among the Asian countries, and it is believed that he promised the Arab countries that the people of Cyprus would never permit their island to be used as a base for military action against them. But without such permission, the British might as well give up the base altogether.

Almost as important is the question of prestige. The deportation of Archbishop Makarios early this year was intended primarily as an exhibition of British sternness; it was to show the world in general, and especially the "Suez rebels" in Anthony Eden's own party that Britain could still take a harsh line when it wished. That Makarios was deeply implicated in the terrorism on Cyprus is probable enough, for the Cypriote ecclesiastics are notoriously more interested in Greek racial unity than piety. Even so the British had long been aware of Makarios' part in the *enosis* movement, and were even willing to talk with him just before his deportation. But then came the debacle in Jordan, and the expulsion of General Glubb. The British chose to act sternly, and Makarios was the victim. The Suez canal crisis, and Greece's tacit support of the Egyptian position intensifies Britain's problems.

Meanwhile, Whitehall awaits the appearance of new leaders. So far, the only solid opposition to *enosis* among the Greek Cypriotes has been in the Communist party, which hitherto has had no stomach for joining Greece while it was under the militantly anti-Communist regime of Marshal Papagos. Presumably their views will change if the present Greek government falls. But the Communists on the island have been receiving almost generous treatment from the British officials of late, and there is some ground to suspect that the British are envisaging a government on Cyprus in which the "new leaders" of the Cypriote Greeks will be Communists: gentlemen who are resolutely anti-clerical, but scarcely pro-British.

The future of Greece as a NATO ally is at least doubtful. The Cyprus issue has taken precedence in Greek politics over national

security, Communism or economic welfare. The problem is due to come before the General Assembly of the United Nations this autumn, and unless some solution has been found before that time, the Greek government will have to pull out all stops to satisfy public opinion at home. If it fails to win the island, or at least the right of eventual self-determination for Cyprus, it will almost certainly have to re-examine its relations with its Western allies.

Self-determination, now or in the future, must be the basis of any solution on Cyprus; almost every other alternative has been tried at one time or another, and foundered on the *enosis* sentiment. This is a concession which the British were willing to make this summer, but they withdrew it in the face of Turkish opposition. It seems now that the next step in the solution of the problem must be a *rapprochement* between Greece and Turkey.

Greece could meet Turkey's concern for the Turkish minority on Cyprus by putting them under internationally guaranteed minority protection. She could meet Turkey's fears for her southern coast by demilitarizing the island. At present Greece is inclined to regard these as fears trumped up at the behest of the British; the Turkish minority in Macedonia has not been ill-treated under Greek rule, and Greece could threaten Turkey quite as well from the Dodecanese islands as from Cyprus. From a strategic point of view, Cyprus is almost useless to Greece. But the Turks seem to have persuaded themselves that their fears do have a basis, and Greece must do something to allay them, if only to save Turkey's face.

Britain could have her base on Cyprus guaranteed, though what use she could make of it in a crisis in the Middle East would depend to some extent on how well she kept the friendship of Greece. But the possibility of a neutralist Greece actively supporting the Arab nationalists is a less inviting solution.

It should not be impossible for statesmen to find a solution for the Cyprus issue. Not impossible; but the solution will have to be swallowed along with an unpalatable dose of pride.

The Writer in America

—A Search for Community—

by

JOHN J. GROSS

"The artist feels and writes out of his relatedness to the texture of his community," says Professor Gross. Has the American writer been able to discover that community? Can he relate it meaningfully to long-standing traditions of individualism and freedom peculiar to American society?

Few necessities could have seemed more urgent to the American novelist of the mid-nineteenth century than that of opening an intercourse with the world. Yet how could he bring to a community of men to whom he felt no vital relatedness the thoughts and the repressed emotions upon which he had brooded so long and so silently alone? Hawthorne imprisoned in his lonely chamber, or Melville isolated in his formative years by his poverty and his paucity of formal education, drawing upon his experience among savages and barbarians and untutored off-scourings of the seven seas,—who were they and to whom did they belong? The author of *The Scarlet Letter* once wrote of himself that had "I . . . sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and have been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude . . . But living in solitude till the fullness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart . . ." But this had appeared in a love letter to his betrothed, and the circle which he drew to close her in still proved a barrier when he sought release into the world.

But what of Melville, "covered with earthly dust," and sprayed by the blown spume of the sea from his youth? Did he become "callous by rude encounters with the multitudes"? One discovers little evidence that he suffered any loss of sensitivity; rather is the contrary true. But both men, Melville more boldly than the man who was later to become his friend, sought a meaningful relation-

ship with the new community of men being patterned in the young nation into which they had been born. To be sure, Hawthorne always drew a narrower circle than did Melville. The latter wished to take in the whole world, whereas his older friend asserted that "The States are too various and too extended to form really one country. New England is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can really take in." Or again, he wrote during the Civil War: "Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed."

But had we a country? And had we a community which could be bounded, defined, made meaningful? No one knew for sure, least of all the novelist who desperately needed for his creative powers the assurance that he belonged, had place and status. If he were not to be destroyed by his isolation, by the plunge into consciousness of self, then it became necessary that he discover the meaning of community in the world he shared, and that, through the novel, he pursue the quest for reality. Such, asserts Mr. Lionel Trilling in his *The Liberal Imagination*, is the responsibility of the novel,

the field of its research being always the social world, the material of its analysis being always manners as the indication of the direction of man's soul. When we understand this we can understand the pride of profession that moved D. H. Lawrence to say, 'Being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher and the poet. The novel is the one bright book of life'.

If, for the moment, we accept the assumption, holding in abeyance a more precise definition of "social world," and "manners," we are immediately confronted with some problems concerning the nature of that reality as it was interpreted in the novels of America's middle period, particularly by Melville and Hawthorne. Mr. Trilling asserts, more specifically in terms of the American novel, that

the novel as I have described it has never really established itself in America. Not that we have not had very great novels but that the novel in America diverges from its classic intention, which, as I have said, is the investigation of the problem of reality beginning in the social field. The fact is that American writers of genius have not turned their minds to society. Poe and Melville were quite apart from it; the reality they sought was only tangential to society. Hawthorne

was acute when he insisted that he did not write novels but romances—he thus expressed his awareness of the lack of social texture in his work. Howells never fulfilled himself because, although he saw the social subject clearly, he would never take it with full seriousness. In America in the nineteenth century, Henry James was alone in knowing that to scale the moral and aesthetic heights in the novel one had to use the ladder of social observation.

The novel which Mr. Trilling describes is not, I take it, restricted to anything like the so-called "novel of manners", such as we might expect to find in the work of Jane Austen, but rather must be understood as that novel, regardless of period or country of origin, which recognizes sufficient complexity in the texture of the society from which it grows as to provide delineations of reality which carry conviction to the reader. Such a novel brings to bear upon the contemporary culture of any particular time resolutions or elucidations of problems, philosophical, economic, social, which are recognized as organic to that culture. Even more important, the novel must be directed to a culture, of which the writer is a part, in which there is a sufficient sense of community, of order, of inter-relationship and balance to provide the novelist himself with the confidence required to make his contribution. The singular isolation of the American novelist in the middle period of American literature raises questions concerning the nature of his contribution which must be examined in terms of the nature of community, and those social forces which prevented the full creativity of the artist to manifest itself must be understood.

Mr. Trilling speaks of class as the desideratum in such a culture, by which I would assume he means status, a significant relatedness between individuals, or, rather, a recognition of individualism in terms of a unified, non-fluid society. The novel, he writes,

tells us about the look and feel of things, how things are done and what things are worth and what they cost and what the odds are. If the English novel in its special concern with class does not . . . explore the deeper layers of personality, then the French novel in exploring these layers must start and end in class, and the Russian novel, exploring the ultimate possibilities of spirit, does the same—every situation in Dostoevski, no matter how spiritual, starts with a point of social pride and a certain number of rubles. The great novelists knew that manners indicate the largest intentions of men's souls as

well as the smallest and they are perpetually concerned to catch the meaning of every dim implicit hint.

Now the great novelists whether in Europe or in America, do indeed concern themselves with the "largest intentions of men's souls", and this is as true in the major novels of Melville as in those of Dostoevski. But the limitation upon the American novelists often appears to stem largely from their failure to convey the meaning of "every dim implicit hint", because that implies the existence of a society in which the members are capable of perceiving those hints since they share, one with another, a common community sense from which the meanings grow.

The term I have used, "a common community sense", seems to me susceptible of interpretation in terms of the concept of reality shared by a people: "the look and feel of things, how things are done and what things are worth" etc. And by *reality* one must not understand simply "brute" fact or power, but rather, as Mr. Trilling puts it, "the way an elephant actually is, precise and discriminating; or the way electricity is, swift and absolute and scarcely embodied". Reality thus embodies concept and deed, idealization and action, and in art the material and the form. And finally, in a literary sense, a reality which the writer may use requires a balance between individual and community, a recognizably vital, active interrelationship. If such a relationship fails to develop in a society, one of two results is to be expected. First, the individual develops an excessive individualism and increasingly is frustrated by his failure to find organic relationship to that society. He suffers from that alienation so familiar in American literature from Captain Ahab to Eugene Gant. Second, community may give way to a society of self-interest in which the individual is subordinated to the superimposed demands of a totalitarian order.

Modern American individualism and the sense of alienation felt by the individual can be understood only in terms of its historical development. It can be appreciated only if we understand the ways in which American individualism has attempted over the period of a hundred years to reconcile certain abstract concepts of the free individual with often opposed notions of the meaning of order, bal-

ance, and measure which are concepts that we usually associate with civilization and tradition.

To state the problem in a slightly different fashion, a large measure of the energies of the intellectual American has been expended in the search for community, in the desire to achieve order and meaning as a counter balance to the recognizably desirable goal of freedom and individualism.

Philip Rahv has spoken of the division of American writers into "redskins and palefaces", by which he would have us understand that "the national literature suffers from the ills of a split personality." We are told that one group, obviously the palefaces, conceives of life as discipline, whereas the redskins view life as opportunity.

Consider the immense contrast between the drawing-room fictions of Henry James and the open air poems of Walt Whitman. Compare Melville's decade of loneliness, his tragic failure, with Mark Twain's boisterous career and dubious success. At one pole there is the literature of the lowlife world of the frontier and of the big cities; at the other the thin, solemn, semi-clerical culture of Boston and Concord. The fact is that the creative mind in America is fragmented and one-sided.

Such an analysis is provocative but superficial. For both kinds of writers, if we may accept tentatively the division which has been created, are primarily concerned with the same problem, regardless of differences of emphasis. Mark Twain, in his own way, is as profoundly concerned with the discovery of community in his recreation of a pattern of life upon the Mississippi, and with the failure of community in his corrupted individuals of Hadleyburg, as is Melville with his Ishmaels and his "man of war world". And, while the problem is stated in terms with which neither Twain nor Melville might agree, Henry James indicates his concern in the familiar statement which appears in his life of Hawthorne, declaring that the American novel must lack the social texture of the European because America itself possessed "No State, in the European sense of the word, and indeed barely a specific national name. No sovereign, no court, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors nor old country houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor little Norman churches, no great universities nor public schools—no literature, no novels, no museums,

no pictures, no political society, no sporting class," etc. etc.—none of the things in short, which one might expect to find in a less fluid, ordered society, steeped in tradition, an order which assured the individual of an organic relationship to community.

"The New England elite," writes a recent biographer of James, Mr. Leon Edel, "fell roughly into two classes: the men who, like Emerson and Thoreau, had built a philosophy in communion with the out-of-doors, and the urban Brahmins, sons and grandsons of clergymen, whose creativity was fed by the creativity of the past." Neither class, one may feel, ever quite came to terms with the society which was being created about them.

They were, most of them, but one generation removed from the pulpit. They still tended to preach. Hawthorne alone among the writers had expressed, for Henry James, the passive, haunted, imaginative side of the transplanted Puritan.

Both groups of writers of whom Mr. Rahv speaks sought, each in its own fashion, to resolve the essential problem of the writer in America: the necessity of reconciling individuality with a creative form of community. Mr. Rahv asks: "Will James and Whitman ever be reconciled, will they finally discover and act upon each other: Only history can give a definite reply to this question." The answer is that one need not depend upon the future to do what a proper understanding of the forces of our past may well perform.

★ ★ ★

In America the Frontier with its lawless, often anarchic standards of individualism as well as new concepts of individual freedom fostered by the growth of democracy served to create both an opportunity and a problem of discipline for the writer that was unparalleled in the lands from which the forbears of the new Americans had come. To be sure, the problem of the reconciliation of individual and community was not confined to this nation; England too was confronted with the necessity of creating new values, or of reconciling old values with new times. As Professor Arthur Lovejoy has reminded us in *The Great Chain of Being* the nineteenth century was the first in which old concepts of cosmological order, which had given way to new evolutionary ideas, could no longer serve to promote balance and measure in the affairs of men. The chain was

broken and the search for new standards saw a century-long battle being waged between old traditionalist—a Burke, a Coleridge, a Carlyle—and new liberal representing the changing economic and social order. Carlyle's *Past and Present*, the influence of which was so demonstrably evident upon American writers of the middle period, may well be regarded as an attempt to restore the order of the great chain in society as well as an attempted solution of the problem of the necessity for reconciling the new individualism with disciplined community responsibility.

But if the problem was not unique in America, certain features of the problem were. The anarchic standards of the American Frontier, the growth of democratic individualism have been mentioned. Related to both factors was the problem of class. The equalitarianism fostered by the Frontier resulted in what many American, as well as European, critics feared could only be described as a dead level of mediocrity. The early fictions of Cooper and Brackenridge, to name but two, never resolve the problem. Class feeling and the stratifications of class mark the creation of their characters. How to accept equality and yet achieve individuality was an abiding question, resulting, as may be observed in Melville's *Pierre*, in the creation of fantastically unreal characters who have presumably risen above considerations of class in order that they might present the gravely serious philosophical ideas of the author without prejudice to author or ideas. The result in serious fiction is failure.

The search for community has also commonly been a search for status, for the place of the writer in the order being shaped around him. And individuality without order, without an organic sense of community resulted in the atomization of experience and the isolation of the individual. The greater writers in attempting to achieve a meaningful fusion of individual experience with community responsibility and discipline sometimes failed, as in the case of Melville, sometimes partially succeeded, as in the case of Whitman who, refusing discouragement, combined a fierce strength of frontier individualism with an organic sense of community which grew from a mystic faith in the relatedness of all things. Surely it can be demonstrated that if the failures of American writers have been more abysmal, if they have fallen farther in defeat than their European

contemporaries, it is because their climb has been more hazardous and from their beginnings they have had farther to fall. Without the sense of tradition which James so sadly bemoaned, they have had to create their tradition and in the process of creation they have often felt charged with the responsibility of shaping their society before they have been empowered to shape their art.

* * *

The problem of Herman Melville has too often been conceived in simplistic terms. Melville has been interpreted as a "humanitarian", as a defender of "sociality", as a man in "quest for God", or as one pursuing a "quarrel with God". Or, again, he has been seen most recently by Mr. Charles N. Feidelson, Jr., as one involved simply in the problem of artistic creation, who fails ultimately in his purpose because he discovers that all "literature is meretricious".

One might prolong the list of interpretation almost indefinitely. And there is apparently no end in sight. Few statements concerning Melville can have been farther from the mark than that of V. L. Parrington when he asserted that "Raymond Weaver in his brilliantly creative study has perhaps done all that the critic can to light up the darkness, and later commentators can only follow in his footsteps."

But it is surely an error to read Melville strictly in terms of either humanitarianism or of religious doubt. To be sure, one may trace the humanitarian element in the early novels, at least through *White Jacket*. Melville's religious doubts, his search for a perdurable faith, have been ably demonstrated by recent scholarship. Still, it seems almost inexplicable that these two concerns, these common strands of thought, should have been generally considered in isolation, one from the other. Melville is, we have been led to believe, either/or — either a humanitarian, or a religious thinker, formulating in isolation his attitudes toward the eternal. Yet it should be evident that the problem of Melville results from the obvious truth that he was from the beginning and throughout his creative life both humanitarian and religious thinker. We should recognize that the ambiguities attributed to Melville stem from the equally obvious truth that the two concerns are inseparable, for without a definition of man there can be no definition of God; if one realizes the "first and great commandment", he also must adhere to the second "which

is like unto it". And finally, we should recognize that while both of these concerns are part of the "Melville problem" they are both subordinate to the essential concern of the creative American artist in the middle years of the century with the problem of knowledge.

Richard Chase, whatever the excesses which may be attributed to his method, was surely correct in stressing the elements of myth as necessary constructs in the novels of Melville. With no well-developed tradition of the novel behind him, and with abstract concepts of the nature of man and the state, products of the Enlightenment, as his only source of American political and social tradition, he was forced to create his own pattern of man in society, which in turn was derived from archetypal mythical formulations of man and God. A great part of Melville's problem as artist was that of attempting a reconciliation of the essentially optimistic, non-tragic concept of man fostered by American political thought with those recurrent patterns of myth which demonstrate the tragic struggle of man in the sacred and profane literature of all the world. As Melville's career developed, the contradictions became increasingly irreconcilable, and the tragic darkness of Melville's personal life deepened.

The meaning of man, the meaning of God, the meaning of meaning: surely the first two might be resolved, if at all, in terms of one another. But the last . . . How can we know what we know? For upon that question and its satisfactory answer hung the tentative definitions of God and man. The nineteenth century saw arise the necessity of facing up to the problems of philosophic dualism, in literature as in formal thought. Both romantic and naturalist pointed to the discreteness of mind and thing, the former emphasizing subjective feeling, the latter material reality. As Mr. Feidelson has recently put it:

The double consciousness that has dogged our thinking since the seventeenth century divides not only reality but the very act of knowing. In this light knowing becomes a relation between given ideas and given things, the subject and the object, the conception and the fact, so that the question arises how there can be any integral act of knowledge at all. And the question carries its own answer: there cannot be as long as we maintain the dualism assumed by the question. Idealism and materialism, each in its own fashion, have proposed remedies, but the starting point of each remains within the inherited framework. As

Whitehead says perhaps too bluntly, the idealists merely 'put matter inside mind', and the materialists 'put mind inside matter'. These in short, are drastic solutions and not total revisions of the problem itself. But the reconciliation of the dualistic problem could be achieved within the process itself only by tacit consent to ignore one or the other horn of the philosophic dilemma. American writers of the mid-century, or more particularly those writers whose idealism gains them admission to the ranks of the Transcendentalists, read immanent mind and meaning into matter, finding there the reflection of soul, of man and God.

Herman Melville, despite the frequency with which we hear the assertion made, did not abandon the Transcendentalist solution entirely until he came to write *Pierre*; he found himself impaled upon the dualistic horns and made a number of notable attempts to accept the Transcendentalist compromise, to undertake with Whitman the passage to India, to reject the God-entity (one term of the proposition as he formulated it) in favor of apotheosized man become one with his world. His Bulkington, one of those whose "deep, earnest thinking is but the intrepid effort of the soul to keep the open independence of her sea," and from the spray of his "ocean-perishing" achieves his apotheosis,—this same Transcendentalist Bulkington proposes the solution which Melville entertained and weighed in the balance against the destructive pursuit of mad Ahab who could not compromise, short of his own annihilation, with the answer he sought. But by the time Melville had completed *Pierre* he was forced finally to renounce the search as fruitless and the Transcendentalist answer as vain when his defeated hero cries out "Here, then, is the untimely, timely end;—Life's last chapter well stitched into the middle! Nor book, nor author of the book, hath any sequel, though each hath its last lettering!—It is ambiguous still."

Melville's own attitude toward nature was never so susceptible to rational formulations as was that of other men of his time who accepted the Transcendentalist position. There was in his treatment of the subject a suggestion of primal man's relationship with nature, an ambiguous blending of the desire for kinship and community with the fear, the distrust and the awe, the sense of otherness, of hostility and isolation. As Philip Wheelwright has written, "The

typically primitive attitude toward nature is largely a tension between familiarity and watchfulness. The former gives stability and confidence, a feeling of membership, of at-homeness, of being comfortably rooted in Mother Earth. The security of the cave, of the family, and subconsciously perhaps of the womb, supplies the primordial ground-plan of living." But there is another attitude which mingles with the sense of security and which the sensitive awareness of the sea's challenge communicated to Melville in particular. "For the strange can alarm and it can fascinate: it is likely to do both at once, and the two emotions in combination—terror subdued by wonder—produces awe." The apotheosis of Bulkington in his "ocean-perishing" is an attempt to reconcile, to override the conflict between man and nature, to accept overtly the Transcendentalist unity, even despite the perishing, but it is not the solution which finally claims the mind as well as the heart of Melville, for the self-annihilative principle continues its conflict with the womb-community desire for security until the final despairing cry of a *Pierre* marks the end of the struggle in Transcendentalist terms.

One is almost tempted to regard Melville as exclusively engaged, through the completion of *Pierre*, with passionate and recurrent efforts to balance the Transcendentalist scales without resort to the too facile Emersonian device of "compensation". As Perry Miller has pointed out: "If virtuous expediency were the rule worth preserving, these books would disown their heroes—or marry them off, in the style of the romance. But the point is never for a moment that the fiery quest is wrong, but simply that the terms of victory offered by the more popular (and heartless) forms of Transcendentalism—those of 'compensation'—are too easy."

Melville is nowhere more modern than in the compulsion which he feels to upset the balance achieved by Emerson in his *Nature*. The word "compulsion" is used advisedly since Melville would have recognized the facile omission of a most significant term from the Emersonian equation: the community concept of man as opposed to the isolated individual, indifferent to sociality. "Stylistically as well as thematically," Professor Miller declares, "*Pierre* upsets the balance announced in Emerson's *Nature*—and does it deliberately." But not, one should add, nihilistically, or without regard for our un-

derstanding of the consequences. "*Pierre* is a case-history of a mind enacting its best insight, finding at the end that instead of discovering a way into nature it has destroyed the notion of nature as 'her own ever-sweet interpreter', and so is left with the 'mere supplier of that cunning alphabet, whereby selecting and combining as he pleases, each man reads his own peculiar mind and mood.'" And again, as the book struggles with the reconciliation of the Transcendentalist sum, it might almost serve as a test and repudiation of possibility as *Pierre* illustrates ironically Emerson's man "Who has leaned entirely on his character, and eaten angel's food; who, trusting to his sentiments, found life made of miracles; who, working for universal aims, found himself fed, he knew not how; clothed, sheltered, and weaponed, he knew not how, and yet it was done by his own hands."

The modernity of Melville lies precisely in his concern with what Erich Fromm has called "existential dichotomies", the knowledge that the condition of human life makes man a part of nature, while transcending the rest of it; one who, homeless, is still a part of the natural world. He longs for immortality, though condemned to death. His rational mind furnishes him evidence of the briefness of his span of life, of his body desiring life, of his longing for oneness with his world while knowing that he is yet estranged. Such a condition is not, of course, unknown to civilized man in any age. The difference lies in the fact that Melville, like men of the twentieth century, found it difficult if not impossible to accept any of the ideological solutions of his time by which the dichotomy was made to appear illusory or at least non-tragic.

The speculative tendency of the Transcendentalist movement was capable of destroying the novelist in America since its concern almost inevitably lay with the individual soul. As Emerson declared, he was concerned not with the masses but with the individual who might be raised from the mass. Now this is well enough as a philosophical position, as a liberal ideological political objective, but the implied indifference to the social context of American society could, and did, prove devastating to the shaping of serious American fiction. Great art emerges from a sense of participation on the part of the artist in a well-defined cultural community. This truth Haw-

thorne recognized in his attempt to recreate a usable past, just as has William Faulkner in our own time. The artist feels and writes out of his relatedness to the texture of that community. That Melville also recognized this necessity and sought throughout his career to discover or to formulate a cultural pattern in which he might establish himself is a primary consideration in the interpretation of his work, a significance which has been almost entirely ignored.

Melville's own terms for the conflict between the community concept and the dominant abstract speculative tendencies of his age are familiar to his readers as head versus heart. By "head" he usually suggests the barren and sterile formulation of values in isolation from or indifference to the community of man. By "heart" he means the compassionate awareness of one's inter-relationships with the members of the community of which he is part. It implies a quickness of feeling, a broad imaginative sympathy, a sensitive perception of the meaning of mortality and of the ambiguously interwoven strands of good and evil. It is the quick flash of perception which marks the scene in *Moby-Dick* where Ishmael joins hands with his co-workers in the squeezing of the whale sperm. By "heart" Melville means something not unlike that sense of brotherhood of man, in which all are responsible for all, and are a part of all, that is so much more fully and dramatically demonstrated in the great novels of Fyodor Dostoevsky.

That Melville did not equal the achievement of the Russian in balancing the metaphysical concern with material reality lies not in any failure of Melville's creative genius but rather in the fact that American society was so unformed, so fluid during the period of his greatest creative impetus.

Transcendentalist individualism discouraged the realistic study of man in his society. It isolated the individual and either largely ignored or failed to formulate any desirable relationship of the individual in the context of social relationships. As Philip Rahv has pointed out,

The literature of early America is a sacred rather than a profane literature. Immaculately spiritual at the top and local and anecdotal at the bottom, it is essentially, as the genteel literary historian Barrett Wendell accurately noted, a 'record of the national inexperience' marked by

'indistinctive disregard of actual facts'. For this reason it largely left untouched the two chief experiential media—the novel and the drama. Brockden Brown, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Melville were 'romancers' rather than novelists. They were incapable of apprehending the vitally new principle of realism by virtue of which the art of fiction in Europe was in their time rapidly evolving toward an hitherto inconceivable condition of objectivity and familiarity with existence.

One need suggest revision of the statement only in so far as Mr. Rahv fails to suggest that Hawthorne and Melville in particular, if they were "romancers", were such by necessity and not from choice. Neither is it true that Melville was incapable of apprehending the principle of realism, "vitally new" or otherwise. But surely the "national inexperience" implies in the main a social experience, for a writer like Melville in particular had not been deprived as an individual of the kind of realistic experience which might have been productive of richly fruitful results in another culture.

Mr. Rahv makes the further assertion that James, bound by the same moral standards as Hawthorne, "none the less perceived what the guilt-tossed psyche of the author of *The Marble Faun* prevented him from seeing—that it is not the man trusting himself to experience but the one fleeing from it who suffers the 'beast in the jungle' to rend him." But this is surely absurd, though understandable, for what Mr. Rahv has done is to reverse the order of things. What experience? one might ask. Experience, to be meaningful, must be projected against the screen of a society in which that experience has immediate application and validity. The artistic problem faced by both Hawthorne and Melville grew not from a flight from experience, as Mr. Rahv would have it, but repeated efforts to create a recognizable social context in which individual experience might assume meaning and significance. Mr. Rahv comes closer to the mark when he recognizes in another context that reality, by which I assume he means the presentation of meaningful human activity in a social setting, is something more than "a species of material that the fiction-writer can either use or dispense with as he sees fit. It is a species of material, of course, and something else besides: it also functions as the *discipline of fiction*, much in the same sense that syllabic structure functions as the discipline of verse." And with that judgment Hawthorne and Melville would have been the first to agree, the former in recognizing

the paleness of certain of his tales as having been conceived in a too dim, unrealistic light; the latter in linking his metaphysically-minded Ahab with the realistic detail involving whaling.

One feels more than a little sympathy with the retort of D. H. Lawrence to the "live American". "All that mass of words! all so unreal!" And he continues "Heaven knows what we mean by reality. Telephones, tinned meat, Charlie Chaplin, water-taps, and World-Salvation, presumably. Some insisting on the plumbing, and some on saving the world: these being the two great American specialties. Why not? Only what about the young homunculus of the new era, meanwhile? You can't save yourself before you are born." And the conflict that we discover in both Hawthorne and Melville is that both were struggling to be born, to emerge as sentient beings into the only kind of reality that has any meaning: that reality in which the creative individual seeks to recognize his place in nature and his vital relationships to man in a social order which counts him a significant unit. In the absence of such a vital inter-relationship between the individual and society the individual will plunge deep into consciousness and trace there the shape of that society in the abstract for which he seeks realizable concrete forms in the world that he inhabits. As Lawrence truly perceived, "The furthest frenzies of French modernism or futurism have not yet reached the pitch of extreme consciousness that Poe, Melville, Hawthorne, Whitman reached." And so extreme was the plunge into consciousness that we recognize, in the case of Whitman for example, the validity of the subjective conscious feeling even while we smile with quiet amusement at the social forms which the poet's consciousness created for the antipathetic social order which surrounded him.

It is largely true, as Bergson reminds us, that the individual belongs as much to society as to himself. "While his consciousness, delving downwards, reveals to him, the deeper he goes, an even more original personality, incommensurable with the others and indeed undefinable in words, on the surface of life we are in continuous contact with other men whom we resemble, and united to them by a discipline which creates between them and us a relation of interdependence." It is true, indeed, but there are periods when its truth is modified by the nature of the society or by the degree of con-

centration of the individual in plumbing the depths of consciousness. In the America of Melville and Hawthorne, of Thoreau and Whitman, the intensity of the practice of individualism was often extreme enough to prevent the full awareness of the relation of inter-dependence. One cannot, for that reason, begin to conceive of Thoreau, say, as a writer of fiction. So intractable was his individualism that he could never have merged the individual ego with the social. "To cultivate this social ego is the essence of our obligation to society", we are told by Bergson. But in Thoreau's case it was nearly non-existent.

Melville and Hawthorne were spared the extremity of consciousness and prevailed as novelists because, to a considerable degree, they entertained reservations concerning a full acceptance of transcendentalist principles, and because, more significantly, they never abandoned the quest for an acceptable social relationship in a community of mutual interest. While involved in the dualistic dilemma of Transcendentalism, and though Melville in particular even attempts to achieve a Transcendentalist solution, in the end they both return to ambiguity and indefiniteness.

To identify oneself with nature, to bridge the chasm which separates the consciousness of man from that world of nature in which Emersonian transcendentalism saw the soul of man reflected, could eventuate only in narcissistic reflections for both Hawthorne and Melville. As Mr. Feidelson points out, "to submerge in the sea is to drown; the self and the world are two, not one. The voyage of Ishmael, though it lacks the desperation of Ahab's outlook, is crossed by a doubt similar to his. Water-gazing is a paradoxical activity—a search for absolute unity with the objects of thought, only to discover that immediate knowledge destroys the thinker."

That "all" feeling, of which Melville wrote to Hawthorn, by which he was tempted but which he finally rejected, "plays the mischief with the truth," he insisted, in "that men will insist upon the universal application of a temporary feeling or opinion." Goethe would have us believe, he declares, that one suffering with a "raging toothache" may *live in the all* and find relief from pain. But this is to deny personal identity, and Melville's spiritual toothache he could not bring himself to cure in view of the price exacted of the sufferer.

His reference to annihilation ("I have about made up my mind to be annihilated.") in his conversations with Hawthorne in Liverpool points to the continuing temptation which he felt to accept the transcendentalist solution and surrender his identity, even though that unity of mind and thing might be recaptured only through self-annihilation. But the temptation was resisted and the self won through, wondering to the end, however, where the true sense of community was to be found beyond the narrow limits of his family circle and short of the all-inclusive levelling of the grave.

Avernus

Unde Graii dixerunt nomine locum Aornon.

Aen. VI.

Along the river we shall never see together
I rode out yesterday after the harrowing year
since your extinction. In my imagination
transformed completely, you were there,
your voice was by me on the wintry air.
For it was winter and the long stagnation
that bred in the hearts of those who will endure
alarm, suspicion of the returning year,
rode with me as my guide and sad companion.

Dead silence bound me and the birds were dead.
Ice had fixed them songless to the bough.
Our silence would not listen to them there
as every note suggested pleasure to the ear.
It was a land of unlikeness, and I thought:
Helen, what prize your beauty now?
Hector, here your valour over Troy
wheels not, unlettered in the turning sky.
But that was false, a huntsman's poetry.

To give my memories such a figured language
would be to take the climate for the country,
and no one could suspect those gelid fields
as sinister, though quiet and uncaring.
Actually I rode alone, and moving
as a trespasser might
who feared an owner primed to shoot at sight
through a landscape truly unfamiliar.

Before a hidden wall my horse drew rein,
alarmed to hear the self-concealing torrent
I thought the spring that fed imagination
or perhaps Avernus' origin
a palisade of frozen reeds enshrined.
When I broke through the bushes and uncovered
a stream bright as a mirror at my feet
I saw the dead that walk beneath the water
thrown in the middle of my own reflection.

This was the nature of the aqueous country:
a lightless, cloudless sky, a vacant plain
on which some naked figures strolled in pairs
and talked in terms of purest poetry,
for all were famous from one song or other,
although with moistened cheek and briared hair,
lime-eaten bodies, moisture-gutted eyes,
they had the air of verses infamous,
each hero undistinguished from his lover
and all of them the banquet-halls of flies.

Dido, as I descended to my father
I saw the golden bough in the darkened grove
and above my head the birds of Venus follow
my course about the hellish maze of love—
so you attended mute upon my going.
It was just as if, returned
from the island the inept call beautiful
across the perilous equinoctial sound
I met the mourners still upon the shore:
although I heard their tale without belief
I knew that there was no escape from knowing
whose love's defection underlay their grief:
some forms of speech are indissoluble
some axioms of language need no proof.

I mourned as I rode back along the river,
and not the curious lights that others mourn
but my own irremediable return:
the wilderness on either side of me
was bleak as paper, mute as words unborn
and no one sang there, for I was alone—
only my breathing, your trochaic name,
my exhalation, you upon the air:
that name that might have titled all my poems,
that shape that might have overcome my fear.

DARYL HINE

North To Ungava

—Journey into the Unknown—

by

ALEXANDER M. ROSS

In this vast area, forbidding rocks and barren tundra surprisingly unfold to reveal exquisite miracles of nature. Here, our author remarks, "the Eskimos are sleeping on ship-loads of iron, cold iron, that some day may be masters of them all."

Povungnituk, Wakeham Bay, Koartak, Greer Lake, the Koksoak River are names bounding a new frontier, largely unmapped and largely unknown. The restless pioneer spirit which urged our ancestors westward to the Pacific still survives in Canada, different only in the direction it takes and the technical skill of the geologist or engineer who spearheads the swift search for the mineral wealth of areas like Ungava. A summer spent with one of these men and his party between Hopes Advance Bay and Payne River provides a fascinating insight into this uncouth land and its nomadic inhabitants whose Stone Age culture faces the result of the constant search for iron and base metals. The land and its people present formidable technical and sociological problems. A short shipping season, lack of suitable harbour facilities, a bitterly inhospitable climate and an awkward terrain challenge all our engineering skills. But there is iron ore: along the coast south of the Payne estuary one company, Oceanic Iron Ore of Canada, has claim stakes on approximately 300,000,000 tons of rock containing better than 30 per cent iron available for open pit mining.

The search for iron ore has been moving steadily northward: Mesabi, Atikokan, Knob Lake and now the area along the west side of Ungava Bay. The iron ore between Fort Chimo and Payne River lies along the northern limits of the six hundred mile long Labrador Trough. Although much of this iron is low grade magnetite, yet its nearness by water to the European market and its vast quantities

make it attractive to European buyers. The pioneers in this development are companies like Fenimore Iron Mines and Oceanic Iron, and financiers like Mr. Cyrus Eaton and Mr. J. H. Hirshorn. Another decade may well see giant machines at work on the masses of rock which shoulder their way above the frozen depths of the tundra. To think in terms of the vast schemes for the mining, concentration, shipping and marketing of the millions of tons of iron ore in this area—to think of great power developments on rivers like the Payne, of the necessary docks, roadways and dams, is to contemplate something of the remarkable future in store for Ungava.

But for one who spends a summer on the Barrens of northern Quebec, and who tramps across the snakelike windings of magnetite, gneiss, quartzite, schist, spotted silica or granite, there is a pleasure which the Psalmist must have felt as he contemplated the foundations of the earth; for the pre-Cambrian rocks of Ungava belong to the most ancient of any exposed on the earth's surface. Across that ageless land the remote past lies everywhere: rock faces bearing the creases and pock marks of centuries of erosion; beaches formed since the last ice age; moraines and eskers the product of great glaciers; hills rubbed off and rounded by the pressure of ice hundreds of feet in thickness; boulders and stones everywhere, the deposit of the receding ice cap; ore bodies contorted and twisted by violent upheavals; and changes in mineral content, the result of intense heat and water pressure. Here is history so remote that man can only guess at its extent using millions of years for his counters.

Chimo, the word is Eskimo for handshake, is the place which literally welcomes you to this ancient northern land, for Chimo lies on the edge of the tundra, a thousand miles north of Montreal. An American base during the second world war, it stands silent witness to the waste of modern war. Empty hutments, abandoned vehicles and tremendous stores of electrical and mechanical equipment stared at the visitors in July, 1954. Thousands of empty gasoline drums, a mile-long tarmac uncared for and the twisted ribs of a burned out aerodrome gave further evidence of governmental indifference. In the Eskimo cemetery beyond the camp, a little grey stone marks the last resting place of a baby, Elizabeth Ann Dalrymple, a pathetic link with the roaring days of 1945.

The air trip to Chimo begins at Roberval on Lake St. John some seven hundred miles to the south where the Laurentides National Park has its northern limits and where lie the little villages of Metabetchouan, Dolbeau, Chambord, St. Félicien, Normandin and Péribonka. Roberval, the largest of the places about Lake St. John, is a quiet town where old world charm mingles with the odour of newly sawn pine. Once you are airborne over the lake, the settlements appear as miniatures on a military panorama on which the middle and backgrounds shade into vast stands of coniferous forest divided to the north by the Ashuapmuchuan, Mistassini, Mistassibi and Péribonka Rivers. The settlements fade away in minutes as the Canso lifts over the Laurentians north two hundred and fifty miles to Nitchequon and then across three hundred and fifty miles of country which grows ever more open and less interesting to observe. As the plane nears Chimo the forest fails time and again to clothe the land. Low grey hills, rocky outcrops, sluggish streams and rivers slide by interminably. Shallow lakes cover as much area as the land does.

At Chimo, where the Boreal Airways provides smaller planes, mining parties may change planes and, if the weather permits, continue to their destination. A few miles from Chimo and we leave the tree line behind. Now the land stretches north, brown and bare and flat to the horizon. This is the tundra, "the land of little sticks", the country where the largest tree is less than three feet high. It is a country of deep mosses, brilliant lichens, rivers and lakes and vast sphagnum swamps. The tundra holds its secrets easily within its wide stretches of unmapped land, frozen year round to great depths, fiercely cold for five months out of twelve, uninhabited, fly-plagued in summer, and inaccessible except by a costly plane trip or a lengthy sea voyage. Of all the obstacles which face man in the vicinity of Ungava Bay none is more minute or infinite than the numbers of mosquitoes which rise to meet him even as he steps from his aeroplane. They arise in swarms from the moss and only a high wind or a chill day will deter them from their efforts to draw blood. Not until late August does the mosquito assault begin to lose its vigour; the tundra has no doughtier defender of its limits than these hardy little insects. The many shallow undrained lakes and pools of stag-

nant water on the tundra provide countless breeding places for the flies.

But for a few hardships, the Barrens can offer a rich reward. It may be a sunset lasting until midnight over the hills and craggy islands of the Payne River estuary; a misty dawn vibrant with the calls of a thousand Canada geese; a round clump of moss pink (*Silene acaulis*); fast rivers and cauldrons of foam where the Arctic char hide; miles of brown land stretching level away to the Bay's edge where an occasional iceberg gleams in the sun, and black whalebacked islands stave off the crush of drift ice and fierce tides that may rise and fall as much as sixty feet. The tundra, like Cleopatra, is of infinite variety, and age in no way detracts from its charms.

Its drab overall appearance on close inspection yields to the eye myriads of delicate colours. These colours may belong to moss, lichen, flowers or rock. Moss is to the tundra what grass is to temperate lands. The pale green coral-like Caribou moss is everywhere. Nearly as prevalent is the Arctic variety of heather with its delicate white bell flower. Lichens may stain a whole rock face so realistically that from a distance magnetite masquerades as hematite. Patches of land covered with fireweed appear dark blue in July but in late August they glow vivid red as the weed changes to its autumn colour. The snow-white tufts of Arctic cotton stand on slender stems above wet marshy ground, harbingers of winter whiteness. Although they do not last as long as the tufts of the Arctic cotton, the soft grey catkins of the scrub birch and those of the willow appear just as the snow is leaving in the spring. The flowers on the tundra run the gamut of the spectrum: the mauve fringe on the mountain sorrel, the purple petals of the loco-weed, the almost transparent blue of the harebell, the variegated green of the leaves and moss below, the bright clusters of yellow cinquefoil, the flaring orange petals of arnica, the faint red of some saxifrage more delicate even than the anemone. As if to complete the colour arrangement these plants often flower beside black lichens and white moss. Not all the flowers are delicate: the dandelion, fireweed and poppy, for example, are sturdy plants. But everywhere you find the gayest ensemble of colour amidst a host of curious names: lousewort, crowberry, cloud berry, shinleaf, fleabane and Labrador tea.

The animals in our area were scarce. During two months the members of our party saw only two lemmings, a fact which probably accounted for the scarcity of fur-bearing animals. The tundra, however, was lined with the tiny runways left by lemmings of other years when they were so plentiful that fairly often the traveller crushed them as he walked over the moss. Two or three fox, as many hares, one weasel, and a ground squirrel made up the animals we saw in July and August, 1954. Birds were many: gulls, tern, rough legged hawk, phalarope, crows, pipits, snow bunties, gyrfalcon, ducks, geese and loon. And always there were ptarmigan, the prettiest of the ground birds. Sometimes we would come upon a hen with as many as ten or twelve half-grown chicks. They are unafraid of man and with care he can get within inches of an adult bird. Their heads and backs are a golden russet colour, a reddish gash shows over each eye and long white drawers cover their legs. They stand more erect than the partridge and often betray their presence by making a dry clucking noise. Once frightened they skitter obliquely across the ground, twitching their tails rapidly up and down. They seem to prefer the drier rocky areas where they feed on blueberries, cranberries, baked-apples and the many other fruits and seeds of the tundra.

Time and again on the tundra it is the glacial deposit which startles and attracts attention. It is often as if some old Druid god, tipsy on mead, had gone berserk and thrown his vast stone circles in wild abandon over the land. Great boulders balance precariously on smaller ones, others weathered grotesquely by a million years of wind and rain lean together in stiff repose. And over all this rocky desolation blows the wind from the Hudson Strait and beyond. Cool it is and steady and very welcome in July, but by August it all too often brings in from the cold water streaky brown fingers of fog which in a few minutes can blot out the landscape. In a country where the compass declination is more than forty degrees and where magnetite can "crazy up" a compass needle, the fog is an enemy which the geologist must watch closely. Landmarks on the horizon are apt to deceive because of the "loomings" or mirages so common in the eastern Arctic. Islands may appear rising out of the water,

where shortly before no islands were, and at other times the whole eastern horizon will assume an altered form. In late August three or four days of high wind often bring three days of rain and fog. The valleys take on the appearance of a Highland glen and not even the Kyle of Lochalsh can be damper than Morgan's Lake when the rain comes. Tents are held down by piling stones on the bottom edge, for pegs are useless. A ten by fourteen tent is preferable to anything larger. In such weather the wireless set becomes man's best friend.

Whether the geologist is in a "fly-camp" or at base camp, the greatest excitement prevails when the plane comes with supplies and mail. Through the great silence which covers the Barrens, the roar of Scotty Stevenson's little Husky can be heard for miles. Stevenson is just one of our northern pilots whose prowess in or out of a plane is the stuff that makes legends. A product of Ayrshire, Scotland, a bomber pilot in the Middle East in World War II, a Hudson's Bay Company man for a time, he is a raconteur well deserving an evening of any man's time. To fly with him when his plane is completely filled with tents, food and men, when he's looking for a lake which he alone has seen before, and which does not appear on any known map, is an interesting experience. To estimate the depth rocks are below the surface of shallow lakes when you are even a few hundred feet in the air calls for nice judgement. Failure spells disaster. But men like Stevenson in a season aid in opening up more territory than their historic predecessors, the *coureur-de-bois*, could explore in a lifetime.

Larger than Texas, as stormy as Cape Horn, the 350,000 square miles of Ungava sprawl across the north of the Province of Quebec from Labrador on the east to the shores of Hudson Bay on the west. Great sections of it are as yet little known. Geographically the territory of Ungava does not exist because it disappeared as a district of the North West Territories when in 1912 it was annexed to Quebec. But the name persists; in the Eskimo tongue it means "far away", a good epithet for that vast, lonely land. Ungava Bay itself is one hundred and sixty miles across from Cape Hopes Advance to the Button Islands, and it presses south just as many miles to Whale River. The names round about its shores reveal the past: Button Islands, Coates Inlet, Weymouth Inlet, Leaf Bay, Hopes Advance Bay and

Payne River. Daring English seamen, searching for a north west passage to the wealth of the far east have skirted these shores and perhaps noted the inhospitable cliffs of Akpatok Island where ornithologists go to study the murre's bird.

Names like Koksoak, Akpatok, Saeglorsoak, Inukshuktuyak, Ablaviak, Kikkertorsoak,—strange and difficult for the white man—appear as frequently along the shores of Ungava Bay as do the familiar Anglo-Saxon ones. They are a reminder that the Barrens are the limits of the lands of the Eskimo, short thick-set powerful people whose stolid oval faces hide cheerful personalities. About two thousand Eskimos live in the Ungava area.

To enter an Eskimo's summer home is both an interesting and depressing adventure. Each family lives in a bell-shaped, white tent; once through a low, rickety door your eye takes in an incredible ménage. A few pieces of cardboard and patches of congoleum make up the floor covering; a converted gasoline drum serves as a stove for which there is very little fuel; a Hudson's Bay Company's packing box does for the kitchen table and cupboards; a half-dozen enamel mugs, a tin of tea, some flour, and a tin of powdered milk together with a large iron pot on the stove seem to make up the kitchen utensils and supplies. Around the wall of the tent runs a series of beds resembling stretchers placed end to end about a foot off the earth. In the evening when visitors come the Eskimos use the beds as chairs and here in the light of a coal oil lantern may be found all ages from old grandparents to the youngest who sit astride their mothers' backs and whose bright little eyes watch over their mothers' shoulders, peering through the drifts of tobacco smoke at the movements of the newcomers. The tent is heavy with the odour of rancid seal oil. The men's apparel, save for their mukluks, closely resembles that of an unemployed, ragged deckhand. The women wear the mukluk, too, over the top of which show their gaily decorated "duffles", long stockings made from a heavy woollen cloth. The shapelessness of their cotton dresses seems out of place especially in contrast with their jet black hair which is swept back closely over their heads in the Spanish fashion, and held in place by a net. They greatly prize

their large tartan shawls, and you seldom see an Eskimo woman without one.

The Eskimos of Chimo and Payne River have taken many of the white man's customs including his dances. It is a rather novel experience to visit an Eskimo tent when the stove and beds have been removed, and the space within is a mass of jiggling bodies. Off in one corner will be a one-man orchestra: the accordion bending rhythmically across a patched knee while the left foot beats an accompaniment on the packed earth. Tunes may last a half-hour while the dancers trace out a variety of changes in the swirl of moss dust, tobacco smoke and flying plaids. Once in the dance the visitor goes through change after change, swings one partner after another, and usually ends up trying to emulate the Eskimo men furiously step dancing before the shyly approving ladies who stand back to back in the centre. French, Irish, English and Scottish folk tunes follow one another into the early morning hours. Eskimo endurance is as remarkable in the dance as it is on the trail. Between the lengthy numbers, first the men and then the women, faces streaked with sweat, rush outside the tent into the cold night air to cool off before returning to the spirited rhythms within their canvas ballroom.

But the fun-loving Eskimo today faces many problems; the white man pushes ever deeper into his land, bringing with him a way of life which, if the Eskimo were to adopt it, would spell his ruin. Already many Eskimos in the Ungava area have felt the impact of the new civilization. At Fort Chimo many of the children show the effect of the wartime occupation, not only in their reluctance to forage far afield for food, but also in the amount of white blood which courses in their veins.

Farther north at Payne River the Eskimos also keep close to the Hudson's Bay Post during the summer much to the Factor's disgust. But as one shrewd native put it: why should the Factor worry about our not working; he does not pay for our family allowances. The Eskimo finds it increasingly difficult to make a living from hunting even though a good season may bring six thousand white fox fur into the Payne River Post. The cost of maintaining a lengthy trapline, the increase in the cost of living, and the hardships and perils of the

hunt, and the knowledge that the government won't let him starve, make the native less willing than formerly to trap furs for the company.

The Factor's position is also changing. He is no more the great White Father whose word was law to the Eskimos. They now look to the "Mountie" who distributes their government allowances in his function as field man for the Departments of Resources and Development and National Health and Welfare. This does not mean that the Factor has no influence with the Eskimos, for they know that when the white men who invade their land during the brief summer have gone, and when the long savage winter numbs the Barrens, it is the company's man who stays. Even the Police must be absent for long periods if they are to maintain law and order. Then, when hunger and disease appear in the igloo, it is men like James Ford, Factor at Payne River, who distribute extra rations, who visit and nurse the sick, who act as midwives, and on occasion assist with burials as when more than a score of Eskimos at his post succumbed to bronchial pneumonia which followed a measles' epidemic. It is not the Hudson's Bay Company which is to blame for the position of the Eskimo today.

Even though the native sometimes fails to understand the urgency of finding furs for the Company, the Company remains possibly his best friend. The Factor will be the first to acknowledge the good qualities in his character: his honesty, resourcefulness, and adaptability. He will tell you, that with training and understanding, the native can be taught to fill many positions with ease: survey helpers, deckhands, engine operators, mechanics, fishermen, samplers, and a wide variety of labouring jobs. Both men and women have talent for handicrafts of many kinds, but unfortunately ancient skills are dying out even in the face of considerable demand for the resulting products. The approach of civilization has merely made the Eskimo dependent on others. His ancient tribal organization has no significance in Canadian government and his nomadic existence is at odds with the requirements of industrial development. Spiritually he is caught between his adherence to the Church of England and the crusade now being waged by the Roman Catholic Oblate Fathers

who greatly outnumber the solitary Anglican priest stationed at Chimo. Culturally the Eskimo faces the necessity of making over his way of life to the white man's pattern. As this change seems to come about more through casual contact with whites than through a planned educational programme, the result is hardly likely to be praiseworthy.

And so the Eskimo population around Ungava Bay stands facing a new future. In a few more years ocean going ships may be loading iron ore at the mouth of the Payne River where engineers are now considering the possibilities of a 500,000,000 dollar power development and iron ore concentration plant. One estimate places the Ungava Bay iron ore reserves at well over one billion tons much of which can be mined by the open pit method. Eventually, because of the ever increasing world demand for iron and steel, these reserves will find their way to smelters. The future for Ungava promises much, and the Barrens here may yet play an important part in the Canadian economy; for we have the iron to satisfy not only European and American needs, but also the demands of our own nation. We have the iron to build the machines to beget more machines and give us what others so envy—a standard of living far above that of mere subsistence.

Perhaps there is then no need to feel concerned for the native people of Ungava. Outside in their tents in the cold wind beneath the shifting glories of the Aurora Borealis, on the hillside above the Peterheads and past the curled up huskies, the Eskimos are sleeping on ship-loads of iron, cold iron, that some day may be masters of them all.

Whither India?

—Plans and Prospects—

by

IDA DHAMI

The Western powers anxiously watch while India seeks to solve her multifarious problems on her own terms. Will she implement successfully the second Five Year Plan commenced this year? What of her future relations with the West?

Y ou may go to India to regale yourself with historic sights, or you may, inspired by its ancient lore, go there in search of wisdom. I was, however, chiefly interested in the social and economic change which is taking place in that old country, for in a world torn between two political and economic blocks, India holds a unique position. Over 350 million people, inhabiting an area of about one and one-quarter million sq. miles, with a rich physical and cultural heritage, and cherishing a fascinating variety of creeds, customs and languages, are engaged in making their recently won political independence meaningful in terms of improved standards of living for all. In order to achieve this extremely difficult objective in a democratic fashion, the leaders of the country refuse to be involved in the foreign policies of either of the two big countries which polarize the conflicting forces in the world; they maintain a policy of "active neutralism" or, more positively, of cultivating friendly relations with all countries prepared to reciprocate (the so-called doctrine of *Panch Shila*). To say that peace is the cornerstone of India's policy is not merely a platitude, for peace is a vital prerequisite for the development of the country.

India has built magnificent temples for its gods and gorgeous palaces for its princes, but miserable huts for the peasants and dingy tenements for the workers. The princes are gone with hardly an audible whimper; the gods still command devout worship combined

with much colourful ritual. It is perhaps too early to expect any appreciable change in the living conditions of the anonymous millions who constitute the backbone of the country.

I do not wish to imply that no progress has been made since Independence. On the contrary, even a visitor from abroad like myself is bound to notice the improvements which have taken place. City-dwellers, in particular, seem to be getting better nourishment and more clothes. New residential developments are rising in all principal cities where the population has increased much too rapidly. Many cities have improved their drainage systems and widened roads and thoroughfares; the picturesque but exasperating oxcart will soon cease to antagonize motorists, for the major centres at least are tackling their traffic problems with considerable success. The ugly clusters of shabby refugee colonies have disappeared and many of their former inhabitants now run flourishing businesses.

In the rural areas, on the other hand, despite the creditable achievements made under the rural development programme, poverty, malnutrition and lack of sanitation still take a heavy toll. It is clear that the improvement of living conditions in about 500,000 villages must continue to be the principal objective of the Government. It remains yet to be seen whether the nation, wishing to attain full democratic freedom, can also successfully provide the basic requirements of adequate food, housing, medical care and educational facilities for its rapidly growing population.

It is fair to observe that since 15 August, 1947, India can claim some impressive achievements. Over six million persons who had to leave their homes in Pakistan following Partition have been rehabilitated. In the political and constitutional sphere, over 600 princely states have been integrated under a unified administration, a federal constitution was adopted in 1948, aiming, *inter alia*, at the establishment of a welfare state, and in 1952 a countrywide election was held based on adult franchise with 100 million (60%) of the electorate participating. Throughout this period India has maintained an efficient administration and has attempted to give it a new orientation with a social purpose. Most important of all, it implemented its First Five-Year Plan (1951-56) with great success,

exceeding its targets in some instances. A more ambitious Second Five-Year Plan is to be launched in the first quarter of 1956.

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In order to appreciate India's efforts and achievements, it is necessary to grasp the immensity of its social and economic problems. It has a population of some 350 million with an annual increase of more than 4 million (about one-third the total population of Canada). Furthermore, with accelerated urbanization and improved health services the increase is likely to continue for a period at a higher rate. The per capita income of the country in 1949 (according to the U.N. Statistical Office) was \$57 (U.S. dollars) as compared with \$870 in Canada, \$773 in the United Kingdom and \$1453 in the U.S.A.

According to a Government estimate of 1954, out of every 100 Indians (including dependents) 47 are mainly peasant proprietors, 9 mainly tenants, 13 landless labourers, one a landlord or rentier, while 10 are engaged in industries or other non-agricultural production, 6 in commerce, 2 in transport and 12 in the services and miscellaneous professions. This broad occupational classification indicates the lack of economic balance in the country where 70% of the total population depends for its livelihood directly on the land. In spite of considerable industrial development since the first World War, in 1953 total employment in factories, together with mines, plantations, railways, etc., amounted to only 5.6 million persons, while various government services absorbed another 1.3 million. On the other hand, cottage and small-scale industries employed more than 20 million.

Owing to the low level of industrial development, the rural population has been increasing at an accelerated rate and the per capita cultivable area has been steadily declining; it fell from 3 acres in 1921 to 2.1 acres in 1951. Furthermore, despite the increasing pace of industrialization and urbanization in recent years, there has been an absolute increase in the rural population from 61.6% in 1891 to 70% in 1951. This has resulted in fragmentation and subdivision of land (the all-India average being 7.5 acres per holding) which, combined with the general decline in the village economy, particularly

domestic industries, has led to a very great increase in the class of agricultural labour. This class comprised 17.6 million families (including 8.8 million who cultivate a small plot of land) out of a total of 58 million rural families. About 45% of the former were in debt. Furthermore, owing to the seasonal conditions, about four-fifths can find work in farming occupations for only three to four months in the year and the rest (working in irrigated areas which constitute some 19% of the cultivated land) for about six to eight months per year. In fact, the gravity of poverty, unemployment and underemployment in rural areas calls for urgent measures lest it become explosive.

This acute and extensive problem, furthermore, has to be solved in a world where events move rapidly, where different political and economic ideologies contend for power, where the claims of democracy require mutual reconciliation of conflicting interests, and where always hovers the spectre of inadequate funds and technical personnel. Since various aspects of the problem are interdependent, they have to be attacked on all fronts at the same time. For instance, the solution of the rural problem requires a two-fold programme: to increase efficiency in agriculture and to draw away surplus labour from the land into industry and other occupations. And the economic development must be sufficiently extensive in scope, large in volume and fast enough to overtake the rapid rate of increase in the population if it is to make any perceptible difference.

So India has to engage simultaneously in three principal activities, namely: maintenance and development of administrative and defence forces, establishment of a welfare state, and economic development which requires investment running into many millions. In order to achieve even a small measure of success in these, India must have peace.

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The First Five-Year Plan (1951-56), involving a total outlay of Rs. 20,688 million, comprised development programmes under five main headings: agriculture; irrigation and power; cottage and small-scale industries; social services; and employment. The first two absorbed 44.6% of the total. This programme was supplemented by

projects for rural development (Rs. 900 million); these covered agricultural and related matters, communications, education, health, supplementary employment, housing, training, and social welfare. It attempted to divert a part of the immense unutilized energy in the countryside for the benefit of the community and to promote self-help and co-operation; it also proposed to increase employment and production through the application of scientific methods of agriculture and the establishment of subsidiary and cottage industries.

The Plan has been very successfully implemented, particularly in the sectors of agriculture, industry and social welfare. The production of food-grains increased from 50.0 million tons in 1950-51 to 68.8 million tons in 1954-55, exceeding the plan target for 1955-56 by about 4.2 million tons. In fact, India is now offering a small quantity of rice for export. The index of industrial production which stood at 135.3 in 1953 (1946 = 100) rose to 146.6 in 1954 and reached 167 in April 1955; the increase was particularly marked in the production of steel, cement and cloth. The national per capita income, as a result, has risen by about 3% a year.

The establishment of a socialist pattern of society in India, the alleged aim of the Indian National Congress and of the Nehru Government, has led to considerable confusion and misunderstanding, perhaps even fear, in many quarters both in India and abroad. And this is only natural, because either deliberately or as a consequence of India's pragmatic and eclectic approach to social problems, the meaning of the "socialist" pattern remains very vague. This leads to a rose-coloured interpretation among the "have-nots", and creates apprehension if not depression among the "haves". In the mouths of orators and demagogues socialism frequently becomes either an inflammatory dogma with "soak-the-rich" slogans or degenerates into sentimentalism, particularly in reference to the development of cottage industries.

Certain trends in this doctrine can be traced to Mahatma Gandhi. This is particularly true of Vinoba Bhave's *Bhoodan* (land gift) movement, under which 4.6 million acres of land have already been donated, the goal being 50 million acres (one-sixth of India's cultivated land). This land will be redistributed according to need,

but there is to be no private ownership, since God is considered the sole owner. The *Bhoodan* movement is meeting with tremendous popular response and if there are donors who offer land in an attempt to forestall a possible communist offensive or to add to their own prestige, there are numerous examples of people who contribute in a spirit of selfless devotion to a noble cause. In fact, whatever the motives behind land donations, there can be no doubt that the movement is creating a social climate favourable to radical land reform through legislation.

India's conception of a socialist pattern of society, it should be pointed out, has little in common with "scientific" Marxist-Leninist socialism; nor does it resemble the trade-union socialism found in certain highly industrialized countries. One of its major objectives is to increase greatly the number of peasant proprietors. It tries to reduce class conflict to a minimum and to bring about the necessary change through moral persuasion, social pressure and legislative measures. Nehru maintains that the country's economic and agricultural structure should be based on the co-operative principle. Only thus, he feels, can the masses be delivered from the age-old grip of poverty, illiteracy and unemployment without being reduced to automata in an all-powerful dictatorial state.

Although the socialist doctrine has been defined only in general terms, specific content is being given to it gradually. Even before it was adopted at the Avadi Session (1955) of the Congress Party and enunciated at its Amritsar (1956) session, many Congressmen had felt that sharp disparities in wealth and position were inconsistent with equality of opportunity. For instance, the land policy in the First Five-Year Plan aimed at reducing such disparities, eliminating exploitation and providing security for tenants. Measures such as the nationalization of the Imperial Bank of India (1955) and of life insurance (1956) are steps towards the socialist goal. Reduction of inequalities in income and wealth is one of the declared objectives of the Second Five-Year Plan, for the basic criterion for determining the lines of economic advance is not private profit but social gain. Mr. Gulzari Lal Nanda, the Union Minister for Planning, stated on 10 February, 1956 that the Government

intended progressively to impose a ceiling on personal incomes (by 1961), whereby the monthly maximum would not exceed Rs. 3000. or thirty times the average minimum wage.

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India's success in the implementation of its First Five-Year Plan has led to the drafting of a bolder Second Five-Year Plan (1956-61) which, allowing for the difference in population, is as big as China's. It proposes a total investment of Rs. 71,000 million—Rs. 48,000 million in the public sector and Rs. 23,000 million in the private sector. It stresses rapid industrialization with particular emphasis on the development of basic and heavy industries. Of the total outlay in the public sector, 48% is allotted to industries, mines, and transport and communications, 30% to agriculture, rural development, irrigation and power, and 20% to social services, housing and others. The production of steel is to increase by 3 million tons, that of coal by 23 million tons and the capacity of electric power is to double to a total of 6.8 million kilowatts. The Plan hopes to provide an additional 10 million jobs, 8 million of which are to be outside agriculture. During the five years national income is to increase by 25% (from Rs. 108,000 million to Rs. 134,800 million), and the per capita income by 18%. The rate of investment is expected to rise from 7% of the national income to 12%.

The implementation of the Plan will, of course, require considerable sacrifice and effort on the part of the people. Its financing envisages additional taxation of Rs. 4,500 million and market loans of Rs. 7,000 million, small savings of Rs. 5,000 million and, allowing for an estimated foreign assistance of Rs. 8,000 million, there would be deficit financing of Rs. 12,000 million. Even then there is a gap of Rs. 4,000 million which must somehow be closed. This tremendous effort would be impossible without the wholehearted co-operation of all sectors of the population. Nehru himself has no illusions on that score and stated only recently that "to achieve any kind of really high standard in this country is a long-term process".

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The world is watching India's present and future political stand with great interest, if not anxiety. Many are wondering about its

internal political stability, the strength of the Congress Party and the fate of the country once Prime Minister Nehru is no longer at the helm. Above all, people everywhere would like to know whether India would ultimately align herself with the East or the West.

India's present political policy is the result of numerous historical factors. These include the highly conservative, tradition-bound and stratified character of Hindu society which has not been disrupted even by war; the Gandhian method of non-violence and willingness to compromise in the national struggle; a provincialism which only in rare cases developed into true nationalism; the influence exercised by the traditions and thought of the West over its intellectuals; the establishment of parliamentary democracy under the British; and the wise abdication of power by the latter when only naked force could have prolonged its possession for a short period. India, furthermore, had the good fortune of having a man like Jawahar Lal Nehru—competent, idealistic, courageous and intensely human—to lead her after independence.

Since 1947, India has pursued a policy of peace and active neutralism. Peace is an indispensable requirement if the economic programs previously outlined are to be implemented. The West must realize that India cannot look at world politics merely as an issue between communism and liberal democracy. Nehru resents the attitude, adopted by some countries, that those who are not with us are against us. He is opposed to military pacts which, according to him, extend the cold war and divide the countries of Asia and Africa. He maintains that SEATO and the Baghdad Pact have increased world tension; they directly affect India's security and tend to add to her financial burden. He, of course, welcomes foreign financial and technological aid provided it is free of political and other strings, and feels he has much to learn from U.S.A., Soviet Russia, China and the Commonwealth countries.

Far from being a passive spectator on the troubled world scene, India claims that its mission is to spread the message of *Panch Shila* (the five principles of peaceful coexistence). With that end in view it has played an important role in the settlement of the wars in Korea and Indo-China. For the same reason it has waged a persistent cam-

paign in favour of the universality of membership in the United Nations, and will continue to fight for the admission of all aspiring candidates, notably China.

People everywhere, but Americans more particularly, have been asking how India could reconcile its cherished principles of neutrality with the enthusiastic reception it accorded to Marshall Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev last December. The explanation is, of course, very simple. Hospitality in India, as in all Oriental countries, is more than a social grace; it is a social, if not a religious obligation. After the enthusiastic reception Prime Minister Nehru was given in Russia, India had to reciprocate with an equally hearty and tumultuous welcome to the Russian leaders. There was, of course, widespread appreciation of Soviet Russia's efforts to improve the lot of the common man. But there was also an awareness, at least among the educated class, of the toll it had taken in terms of repression and human suffering. Many were highly critical of some of the Soviet rulers' statements and even the ill-timed and ill-advised Dulles-Cunha statement did not blind them to the fact that the Russian visitors had come with some ulterior motive.

Speculation regarding the prospects of internal stability "after Nehru" is obviously fruitless. Pandit Nehru appears to be very fit and active, and is very much in control as yet. There can be no gainsaying the fact that the Congress Party owes much of its prestige to his inspired and competent leadership. But the people appreciate the progress that has been made since the Congress Party came to power. They take pride in the growing strength of India, and the respect it commands abroad. They are, for the time being, willing to follow Pandit Nehru's lead on almost every issue—even to the extent of calling off the March on Goa a year ago last August.

Recent rioting over the Government's recommendations concerning the reorganization of the states, however, indicated, much to the dismay of its rulers, the strength of disruptive forces once communal or provincial feelings are enflamed. Local communists, of course, exploited the explosive situation wherever possible, but the disturbances were obviously the result of deep-seated anxiety and smouldering discontent. The recommendations made by the States Re-

organization Commission which consisted of three outstanding men, were the result of two years' careful study. But since Nehru's Government yielded, after a bitter struggle, to the creation of Andhra State on a linguistic basis, it will find it difficult to refuse similar demands from other quarters. There is a serious danger that such demands, when based on narrow local factors might create difficulties in the implementation of development planning, and might prove politically disruptive. On the other hand, full co-operation cannot be expected of people who feel that they suffer genuine grievances. At present, however, the Indian National Congress does not face any strong opposition. It is a foregone conclusion that it will win the next elections (early 1957) with an overwhelming majority, and a successful conclusion of the Second Five-Year Plan would consolidate it in power.

Next to the discovery of atomic energy, the rise of Asia is probably the most important force which has emerged in the postwar world. Both arouse, as yet, more fear than hope in the minds of men. Of the two, the implications of the rise of Asia are more difficult to comprehend, because of historical prejudices, ethnocentrism and mental inertia. India and China are the two most important Asian countries. China has decided to break away from her past and has adopted the methods and goal of Communism to solve its social and economic problems. But independent India's ties with the past are very strong; Janus-like, it stands facing both the East and the West. It has successfully executed its First Five-Year Plan and is about to launch the Second Plan. This must be viewed in a revolutionary context, for its significance lies not so much in economic achievement as in giving a new orientation to the people by making them more self-confident and self-reliant. With the organized effort and the full co-operation of millions remarkable results can be produced.

What about the future? In a country where the future has traditionally been regarded with some mystical sense of fatalism, nine years of independence have created an amazing amount of self-confidence and dynamism. The success of economic development and foreign policy have encouraged people to support the Nehru Gov-

ernment with greater organized and collective effort. If there is no war, and Nehru's lead is available for another ten years, India promises to become a genuine custodian of democracy and freedom in the East, a bulwark against doctrinaire dictatorship. It will undoubtedly set an encouraging example to the many underdeveloped countries if it succeeds in raising its standard of living while maintaining democratic freedom and respect for human personality, and avoiding class conflict as well as a monotonous standardization of life and thought.

Violence On The Screen

—Are the Movies Maturing?—

by

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

Mayhem in the movies is an act of deliberate creation. Mr. Dworkin, New York movie critic, here establishes criteria for judging the artistic standards, integrity and social responsibility of the movie makers.

The *Desperate Hours* and *Teen Age Crime Wave* are major and minor versions of a recurring melodrama, in which a family or community—here the former—is imprisoned or besieged by criminals. There have been at least two other films in the past year with closely similar themes: *Suddenly*, in which Frank Sinatra and two henchmen held a family at bay while they prepared for an attempt to assassinate the President; and *The Night Holds Terror*, written, directed and produced by newcomer Andrew Stone, in which three homicidal desperadoes seized the home of a young couple. The theme of the invaded community has been represented recently by a larger number of films, including *The Wild One*, *Violent Saturday*, *The Phenix City Story* — and *The Blackboard Jungle*, which purportedly tried to treat real problems of education and juvenile delinquency with frankness, but patently exploited the form, as well as the rationale of the entrenched-hoodlums melodrama. Western films, of course, have as one of their leading motives the struggle to rid a town or territory of badmen in control, and often include, or even focus upon situations in which small groups of decent people are beleaguered.

The theme of the good held captive by evil is ancient, as is the dramatic device of analogizing between society in the large and in microcosm. We may add, too, that it is no new thing for films to debate the use of violence — nor, to be sure, for them to seem to decry the brutality they actually glorify. But it is significant that the screen should be so preoccupied now. (It is practically impossible to

count how often the embattled community or family theme has appeared on television. The family-held-hostage, particularly, offers opportunities for closet melodrama uniquely suited to the intimacy and focalized framing of the medium). In fact, the nature as well as the number of these films suggests that we may be reaching a climax in the latest cycle of screen violence. At least, at this point it may be possible to clarify what we mean when we judge a film to be gratuitously violent — and, perhaps, to suggest ways of recognizing the effects violent films may have upon us.

If we like, we may see *The Desperate Hours* and *Teen Age Crime Wave* as representing the best and the worst of their type — comprising a kind of dialectical statement. It is as if the movies were carrying on their own debate, under the pressures which have been exerted recently by government, religious, educational, and even film industry groups, concerning the nature and quantity of brutality on the screen. And this debate reflects the ambiguity of popular attitudes—at least as much as the movie violence itself expresses destructive forces, or wishes, or tendencies at work in our society. It may be true, as Paul Rotha and Richard Griffith have asserted, that the spate of crime and gangster films after World War II was directed towards “a public weary of the conflict, but so steeped in violence that anything else seemed tame”. But the critique of violence now incorporated in the films themselves suggests doubts, as well as compulsive surfeit—even as the shooting, slugging, and other melodramatized mayhem continues. When and whether a man should use his fists, or draw his guns, or reach for the rifle over the mantel—or call the police—are questions constantly asked—and answered—in the movies. But they bear a formal resemblance, and have a certain analogical pertinence to questions of how we may deal with many problems, local, national, and international. In the ways in which many people deal with issues such as the use of nuclear weapons, total war, preventive war, and the value of allies and international agencies for peace, it is possible to discern refractions of the images of conflict of typical crime and western movie melodramas.

These images are conventionally contrived to involve the audience in such ways that the principal actors are its protagonists. The deliberate intention is to establish empathic participation. The heroine's

anguishes and fulfillments, the hero's struggles and triumphs, are designed to incarnate prototypical experiences of the imagination in those who watch. The unique, enormous power of film—and its televised manifestation—lies in this incomparable capacity to implicate people: at once expressing their imaginations, as participating in a kind of collective imagination, and providing the imagery and symbology whereby their participation is articulated.

The theme and execution of *The Desperate Hours* and *Teen Age Crime Wave* purpose an especially excruciating implication of our sensibilities. Both films establish a situation of primordial challenge, in which a family is captivated by violent criminals, its members held as hostages for each other's survival. Both confront decent people with the need to fight—exemplifying the integral necessity which film industry voices have submitted as the justification of violence in films. Both dramatize a crucial, and symbolically elemental threat to the basic unit of society, as well as subjecting its members to a battery of provocations. Decency is not only vexed and incited to act, but forced to preserve itself.

The quality of the two films, of course, is incomparable. *The Desperate Hours* is perhaps the outstanding film of its kind. From Joseph Hayes' screenplay, after his own novel and stageplay, it is produced and directed by William Wyler, who disposes a virtuoso's armament of cinema techniques. In the swift and clear delineation of distinctive characters, in his economy in counterposing them to achieve a drama of immediate engrossment, continuing suspense, and considerable subtlety, Wyler offers a demonstration of screen directing that should recreate his reputation among those who do not remember his *The Little Foxes*, or *The Best Years of Our Lives*. Frederic March completely personifies that significantly unusual protagonist: the embattled father, shocked into sustained, ferocious warfare for his family. (Has March ever given a performance that was less than superb?) Humphrey Bogart (who established the type of the gangster holding a group hostage in *The Petrified Forest*) as completely projects the criminal: deadly, fiercely vigilant, wholly immoral. The opposition of these two characters rises at moments to true heroic pitch—not the least because both March and Bogart possess the rare dramatic presence that can vivify and dominate the screen by itself.

In contrast to the proficiency of *The Desperate Hours*, *Teen Age Crime Wave* sometimes gives the impression of having been jerrybuilt on its few sets, from a script concocted by the directors and the actors as they went along, borrowing elements from sensationalist films about juvenile delinquents, jailbreak movies, cops-and-robbers chases, and—most significantly—family-held-hostage melodramas. By the time the two juvenile hoodlums, overacted with incredible ineptitude by Tommy Cook and Mollie McCart, have overcome the officers taking the latter to reform school, together with the unjustly implicated Sue England, it is apparent that every act of brutal, criminal behavior is going to be relished, even as it is avowedly condemned. By the time the two have been driven from the home of Kay Riehl, James Bell, and their son, Frank Griffin, which they have dominated at pistol-point, we are as sick of Cook's performance as we are of the insufferable "punk" he portrays. The film obviously, if ineptly, intends us to be pleased when Miss McCart is shot as her just desert, and Cook gets his in a beating by Griffin, after an inexplicable retreat to an observatory. Crime does not pay, and the good guys are people who administer the beatings in the end.

The matter is not so clear in *The Desperate Hours*. The criminals here are not malevolent upstarts, but truly dangerous men: the cold, fiercely cunning Bogart; his young brother, Dewey Martin—perturbed by his first contact with the respectability he has been conditioned to despise, but dangerous out of the only loyalty he knows; and the hulking, brutish Robert Middleton—a homicidal monster with the mind of a stupid child. From the moment we know of them, in a remarkable shot from the inside of an automobile, with only a hand showing and a cold voice selecting the home to be invaded for a temporary hideout, we know that these men are really dangerous, completely criminal. In fact, the conventional melodrama of improbable triumphs is explicitly repudiated, as March struggles to convince his nine-year-old son, Richard Eyer, that the guns in the hands of the criminals are real, and that attempted heroics, "movie-style", will get loved ones killed. The mutual concern of the rest of the family: March's wife, Martha Scott, and their daughter, Mary Murphy, is convincing—not only because the criminals are so credibly dangerous, but because the dilemma is so agonizing.

March has to scheme and battle against Bogart and the other two—and against the police. For him, police intervention means the death of his loved ones, whether by the criminals or in the cross-fire. Concerning the issue of whether or not to go to the police, there has been some critical debate. Bosley Crowther, in *The New York Times*, remarked that the whole story was unrealistic because March did not notify the authorities at his first opportunity. In reply, to point up the reality of March's agonized choice, writer Joseph Hayes wrote the *Times*, citing the true instance of a criminal who killed a child he was using as a shield, because a policeman fired at him, despite warnings. Within the story of the film, however, the issue is academic. March's house is finally surrounded by police, but he is allowed to go in alone—following a debate of two police viewpoints: the one interested only in getting the criminals, no matter if innocents are hurt the other, movingly represented by Arthur Kennedy, arguing for March's right to try to save his family, and for a concept of police work not at odds with the decency it is supposed to protect.

The final showdown, then, opposes the protagonists of decency and of evil in the traditional single combat of the conventional melodrama. Martin, Bogart's younger brother, has gone off alone earlier—in a first venture into independence—and has been killed, ingloriously wounded by state police, and then run over by a huge trailer-truck in a scene that is deliberately gruesome to emphasize the tragic waste of his life. Middleton, the moronic giant, has been tricked by March into getting his arm caught in the front door, and, running from the house in uncontrollable pain, has been shot down by the police. Only Bogart is left, with a gun he thinks is loaded pointed at the head of March's little boy. At March's command, the boy runs—and Bogart discovers what March has known: that his gun is empty. In March's hand is the revolver the criminal had used to menace the household, loaded. Bogart taunts March to shoot; although beaten, he savors March's hesitation. March insists that now, for the first time, he understands the mind of a killer like Bogart, because he has the same urge to kill. "You put it there," he tells Bogart. The latter, however, senses otherwise, sneering, "You don't have it in you." March cannot, and does not pull the trigger. Almost with contempt, the criminal lets himself be driven out of the house, into the fire of the massed police guns.

The bad guys are killed by the police, the regularly constituted agency for violence against violence. In Joseph Hayes's final script, this legal violence had been sardonically depicted: it was apparent that Bogart could have been captured, but was shot down by Kennedy, against whom the criminal had sworn vengeance years before. But perhaps to provide a final fillip to Bogart's figure of heriocized malevolence, Wyler now has him fling his empty pistol at a police floodlight, smashing it. It is the final gesture of a gangster-king, out of the archaic Götterdämungen epoch of gangster films, in which the Muni-Cagney-Bancroft-Robinson-Bogart underworld titans made their exits to the orchestration of shattering glass and cascading shots. This end, however, does emphasize the stature of the antagonist March has overcome. And if it is a moment of obvious braggadocio, it is also one of final, complete futility.

For the meaning of the film, however, it is a moment almost of anticlimax. The melodramatic confrontation of good and evil has already occurred—in traditional style, but with quite untypical resolution and significance. In the final chase and combat between the hoodlum and the hero in *Teen Age Crime Wave*—as in almost all melodramas of violence—there is intentional implication of the audience so that there is triumph, release, and pleasure in the beating given the bad guy. In *The Desperate Hours*, good must triumph over evil, too; but what the *good* is, and the manner of its victory, are conceived with a most unusual consistency. At least, the dilemma of ends and means is given a clearer statement than in most melodramas, and is resolved with much less of that meretriciousness that gives the audience axiomatic outcomes and sanctified brutality: a dubious morality won through cheap thrills.

At the climactic instant — the classic moment of crime and Western melodramas, when the hero has drawn his gun and is prepared to kill with the perfect proficiency of unequivocated rectitude — March does not shoot. It is not that Bogart is unarmed, and so can cheat the movie hero's game, according to its little-boys' laws. He is still, unremittingly dangerous. March does not shoot *because we do not want him to*. There is no mistaking Hayes's and Wyler's intention. The scene might have come out differently — with consequent transformation of the film's meaning. Nor would March have had to pull the

trigger. Out of a myriad memories of other movies, we can imagine Bogart lunging at March—the pistol skittering across the floor out of reach—a desperate scramble to grasp it—vise-like grips and terrible grimaces (dolly to close-up)—heroic haymakers crashing against one chin, then the other—the door splintered off its hinges—the berserks battling on the landing, bursting through the balustrade to fall to the floor below—the last, colossal, deliberately-directed Sunday-punch, dropping the beaten Bogart in a heap, that tries to rise, only to collapse in utter vanquishment—the emergence of the bloodied, magnificently bedraggled March through his front door, into the floodlights of the admiring police and the arms of his loved ones.

Such an outcome, with its salutary purge for costive spirits, would have been according to the rules of movie melodrama, which make it the hero's right—even duty—to beat up or kill the evil adversary at the proper moment. And when he does either, the audience does it with him—and thereby hangs the crucial equivocation of the controversy over "excessive" brutality on the screen. It isn't the brutality of the evil protagonists that is really at issue, generally speaking. This is usually made clearly repugnant: it is the behavior whereby the bad guys show they are bad. The issue arises out of the audience's empathic association with the hero, personifying good and right—and being violent, at least, about it. If it were only a matter of some especially suggestible moviegoers leaving the theatres to emulate the villains and their methods the issue would be simple and clear—as it has been during those occasional cycles of films deliberately glorifying crime.

Recalling Aristotle's definition of evil as having a deficient, not an efficient cause, the problem here refers to the conditional nature of good, as the end of human conduct. The moral rectitude of the movie hero may be said to be beyond question; but what he does to achieve the right—and what the audience does with him, and, later, because of him—is far less certainly good. Those in the film industry who have justified heroic violence because it is on the side of right at least implicitly presuppose that it is an evil: necessary, as in warfare and in situations of mortal challenge to the good; but an evil, nevertheless. What is "excessive" violence on the screen then becomes a matter of quantity—and perhaps of taste. But it is not one of principle, since any violence admittedly is at best a bad means towards a good end. This solution makes possible the considerable hypocrisies of

films which have first denoted violence as evil, then established it as necessary, then have revelled in it. The guns spit and the heads crack; but the dead and maimed are only evildoers after all—and it makes a glorious victory.

That the solution amounts to no more than doing the wrong thing for right reasons—the end justifying the means—is not evaded on the screen. The necessary evil is easily made a lesser one, within the fictional melodramas enacted. But off the screen, where the movies may have their actual outcomes, dispersed through infinities of possible behavior and transmuted by illimitable differences of character, the lesser evil may become the principal one. What gloriously defeated unqualified villainy in the dream may merely drive some sordid motive towards some dubious good, in the real world of imperfect protagonists and ambiguous purposes. It is not vital here to be concerned with establishing the movies as either causing or expressing violence in society. They may do both, of course, in different dimensions of analysis, each with its own order of evidence and proof. All that need be admitted is that the film penetrates and informs our thoughts and habits after we leave the theatres, to emphasize the importance of the way in which the issue of ends and means is raised on the screen. And we may appreciate the more what Hayes and Wyler have done in *The Desperate Hours*—despite the foregone machine-gunning at the close—to evoke recognition of the real perplexity of the matter, and to state it with force and clarity.

If the argument for the necessity of violence on the screen is to hold water, it must be made clear—not only logically, within the story, but empathically, in those committed vicariously within the film's drama—that the violence is no better than an expedient. When it becomes, by design or indirection, an occasion for empathic satisfaction, it is revealed as an end in itself—and no amount of "industry statesmanship" or press-agent's casuistry can argue the implications away. That violence may be a necessary resort in our lives is not at issue here, but its representation on the screen. Once this is recognized, the frequent confusion of violence with the requirements of "realism" can be clarified. Men do kill and beat each other with bestial ferocity outside the theatres, everywhere. But actual violence is rarely dramatic, at first hand. Even in war, after the parades are marched, the

filthy, day-to-day business of soldiering begins, and glory is something in the press dispatches: something to color memories, formed in images of plays and pageants. On the screen, what is called "realistic" violence is quite stylized, in one mode or another, in order for us to view it as having dramatic meaning. When this formal structure is absent, what we see appears as senseless, sordid, and tragically trivial as the Brownian movements of mobs in newsreels, erratically rushing here or there in some cause or other, without character or plot, and with a topical significance that has to be explained to us by the narrator, for mobs are all alike, and their passionate importances ephemeral. The newsreel images are "realistic," to be sure, but undramatic without the superimposition of headlines, narrated captions—or the format of the newsreel itself, designed to equate breathlessly the minute and the momentous, while snatches of nondescript, manufactured music assign the proper emotional tenor to each sequence.

The "necessity" for film violence—as for any other cinematographic element—is established by film form, as it is recreated in each instance. And each instance, according to the purposes of its makers, will determine the style—"realistic," "romantic," or even "fantastic"—in which the violence is depicted. To argue the necessity for screen violence except in terms of dramatic intentionality is fallacious; the most frequent argument from the requirements of "realism" is usually meretricious. How much violence there is in a film, and the force of its emotional impact, is a matter of intention—hence of control, incarnation, artistry. Screen violence is *created*, and we may speak properly of there being too much of it, as if film makers can do something about its quantity and quality—not only without sacrificing their artistic and moral responsibilities, but in order to fulfill them.

The climatic moment of *The Desperate Hours* is a critical point in the course of film entertainment of the past ten years. Again, the audience, personifying society, decency, has been implicated in a desperate situation, and has had to concur in desperate measures. But at the moment of intentional nudity, it is made responsible for its acts, rather than provided with heroic surrogates. Hayes and Wyler achieve razor-sharpness of empathic focus, and the audience makes its choice—not only as it does, ineluctably; but as it must, desperately.

Coexistence - Canadian Style

—A Nationalistic View—

by

MICHEL BRUNET *

Canadiens are . . . Canadiens, and no amount of big-brotherly sentiment, sociological research or honey-coated words can conceal this fact. This is the starting point for Professor Brunet's defence of French-Canadian nationalism.

One cannot ignore the fact that the population of Canada is divided between English-speaking and French-speaking citizens: the Canadians and the *Canadiens*. The latter constitute an organized minority representing about 30% of the Canadian people, but in the Province of Quebec they form more than 80% of the population. Their concentration in this province gives them significant collective bargaining power in business and politics. Everybody who tries to sell something or to influence people must think twice when he wants to make a deal with the *Canadiens*. Sales managers who look after the patronage of Quebec housewives and customers have to learn that French Canada has characteristics of her own. Employers and entrepreneurs who have succeeded in Quebec have learned and applied a set of rules which help them in their relations with the French-Canadian community. Moreover experience has taught the leaders of all federal political parties that they cannot take control of the central government without the support of a majority of the Quebec voters.

The fact is that the survival of the *Canadiens*, as a distinctive group having the means to act collectively in some fields, constitutes one of the major problems of Canadian political, economic and social life. The problem has existed since the British Conquest and occupation of Canada two hundred years ago; there is every indication that it will endure for many more generations.

* The major part of this article is based on a speech delivered May 11th 1956, to the annual meeting of the Canadian Public Relations Society, The Chanticleer Hotel, Ste. Adele, P.Q. It is presented here as a rejoinder to Vaclav Mudroch's article on Abbé Groulx, contained in the Summer issue of the Quarterly.

The French-Canadian problem may be approached and has been approached in a variety of ways. First, there is what might be called the optimistic approach. It has been displayed at many after-dinner speeches and at those meetings of *bonne entente* where Canadians and *Canadiens* have the habit of not telling one another what they really think. The exponents of the optimistic approach have convinced themselves that there are only small—very small—differences between the English-speaking majority and the French-speaking minority. Eloquently, they invite both groups to forget what divides them and to emphasize all the factors which are supposed to unite them. In the name of national unity, they expect the French-Canadians to accept all the decisions made by the majority and they want the minority to let itself be persuaded that these decisions are for the common good. They believe or have made themselves believe that Canadians and *Canadiens* form one Nation-State under the leadership of the central government. To placate the *Canadiens*, they pay lip-service to French culture and to the so-called unique French-Canadian contribution to the building of Canada. They even go so far as to pretend, in spite of all the facts to the contrary, that this nation is bilingual and biethnic. One can easily imagine how much these nice, sugar-coated words please tradition-minded French-Canadians who still accept the old nationalistic-messianic interpretation of the past and present history of their nationality!

The optimistic approach has been adopted by federal politicians—both Canadians and *Canadiens*, by well-wishers and, in general, by all those who through habit, ignorance or inertia cannot face the facts as they are. This approach explains and settles nothing. It has only soporific effects and deceives both the Canadians and the *Canadiens*. It muddles the fundamental issues of the Canadian union, and has been and is still the cause of many misunderstandings and maladjustments. Most of the time when a serious clash breaks out between *Canadiens* and Canadians, it is because the leaders of both groups have been blinded to the differences which actually exist between them. Faced with a decision taken by the English-speaking majority which they are not prepared to accept, the *Canadiens* resist and protest, feeling strongly that they have been pushed around. On the other hand, the English population, having been told and now, there-

fore, sincerely believing that the *Canadiens* of Quebec are like all the other Canadians, tries in vain to understand their behavior and is prone to denounce their ill-will and their separatist leanings. One has only to remember what happened in the fall of 1954 on the provincial income tax issue to realize the fatal consequences of wishful-thinking in matters of public relations between Canadians and *Canadiens*.

A second approach may be designated "the big-brother attitude". Among the Canadians there are many who have always considered the *Canadiens* as a backward population that has unfortunately been unable, since 1760, to take full advantage of the political liberty and of the material prosperity brought to them by the British Conquest and colonization of the country. This paternalistic approach is that of all colonizers and majorities towards colonial peoples and minority groups placed under their rule or, if one prefers, under their leadership. People who adopt this approach are very often inspired by bigotry. But they are nevertheless very sincere. They believe that they really bring happiness and well-being to the population upon whom they impose their language, their laws, their political institutions, their economic domination, their foreign and internal policy, their ways of thinking and living.

This big-brother approach, which was general among the first generations of British settlers who came to Canada after the Conquest, still exists today. When the English-speaking majority sees that the *Canadiens* apparently do not fully appreciate the blessings of being associated with British Canada and that they show no special gratitude towards the Canadians, it concludes that it is because they are ill-bred, ignorant, biased and "priest-ridden". Fortunately these old accusations are not thrown out as often as they used to be. But many Canadians eagerly hope for the day when the *Canadiens*, receiving a better education and having got rid of their prejudices and of clerical rule, will suddenly discover at last! that it is to their best interest to amalgamate completely with the English-speaking majority. Then, it is said, they will be free from the old fetters which are supposed to have prevented them from gaining access to a more modern and dynamic way of living. It is important to note that many French-Canadian intellectuals, rejecting the traditional and time-worn assumptions of French-Canadian thought and realizing the shortcomings of

the leaders of their people, have always been tempted to adopt this big-brother approach. They like to consider themselves as being more enlightened than the majority of their compatriots. You also find this attitude among French-Canadian businessmen, engineers and politicians who make their living with British Canada or need to make friends among English-speaking people. One can easily understand why they speak and act as they do. But one must not pay much attention to their statements. They speak first for themselves, they represent a very small minority, and it pays them to say things people who listen to them like to hear.

There is a brand-new approach to the French-Canadian problem. It is the "social-leftist" interpretation of the relations between Canadians and *Canadiens*. It has been developed by a few sociologists and intellectuals who have, wittingly or unwittingly, been influenced by Marxist theories about the class structure of capitalistic society. According to the social-leftist approach the population of Canada is no longer divided between French-speaking and English-speaking citizens, but between the haves and the have-nots, between the employers and the employees. The exponents of this theory pretend that French-Canadian and English-Canadian workers and underdogs throughout Canada will forget their divisions as members of different cultural groups and unite together to get a bigger part of the economic loaf. They seem convinced that the class struggle will completely modify the two-century-old pattern of ethnic relations in Canada. One cannot deny that the French-Canadians more than ever before want to improve their standard of living and get all the advantages of progressive social security legislation. To achieve this legitimate aim, they are not opposed to working in collaboration with all Canadian citizens and groups that seek the same ends. But they also realize that their fate is linked to the collective progress and influence of their nationality in the Canadian union.

It seems to me that these social-leftist intellectuals should revise their frame of reference for their way of thinking is partly utopian and can even become dangerous for the social and political stability of this country.

The optimistic approach, the big-brother approach and the social-leftist approach all give a one-sided and false interpretation of

the French-Canadian problem. To understand the peculiar position of the French-Canadian nationality in the Canadian union, one has to put aside all preconceptions and to face the facts as they are. At the same time one must also take the risk of hurting the feelings of many people.

Throughout the English-speaking provinces, the *Canadiens*, who number less than one million, have a status which is almost that of immigrants. They are involved in an accelerated process of complete assimilation to the majority. However, they desperately try to survive as a cultural group. In their struggle for *la survivance française* they receive some support from their Quebec compatriots. They have a few French radio stations and newspapers. In some districts they can send their children to French schools and colleges. In this respect, federal grants to university education have been a real boon for them. They have organized and still control some French parishes and dioceses. They use bilingual bank-notes printed by the Bank of Canada, and the Post Office Department sells them bilingual stamps. They are free to utilize the French language when they write to the Federal Government and are entitled to get, sometimes with much delay, French publications from its various departments. And that's all! This situation can last for many more generations.

The English-speaking majority should realize that these *Canadiens* who want schools where their children can study French and catechism a few hours a week and ask for French radio and T.V. stations do not dream of establishing, as was feared by British Canada a few generations ago, a "French and Popish domination". The last census has shown that there will be no "revenge of the cradle". These scattered groups of *Canadiens* are much too weak to endanger the "English and Protestant domination". And on the other hand, it would cost so little to give them full satisfaction! The leaders of public opinion in English Canada need to show more imagination and to get rid of their ancestral prejudices and fears. However, one must admit that during the last ten years much progress has been made with respect to this particular group. And one can foresee that more progress will be achieved in the near future. This cheering evolution gives proof of the rapidly growing maturity of the Canadian people. It is a development of which we can rightly be proud.

The situation is quite different in the Province of Quebec. There the *Canadiens* are really at home. It is the land where their forefathers established the *nation canadienne* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when France, their mother country, was at the summit of her power. They remember that they have a past of their own on this continent. For one century and a half the *Canadiens* lived alone in the St. Lawrence Valley and dominated the hinterland of North America. They have their traditions, their language, their cultural, economic and political institutions, their professors, scientists, writers and artists, their collective ways of thinking and living, their common sorrows, their common aspirations. They actually form a nationality whose members are bound together by specific ties of cultural homogeneity. They are animated by consciousness of kind and, what is more important, they have means to express this consciousness. They feel a bond of sympathy toward one another which is different from that which they experience towards the members of another nationality. For generations they have shared a common life, and they will continue so for many more generations to come.

This nationality exists in a provincial State, part of a federal union. And the *Canadiens*, even if they are the majority, are not alone in the Province of Quebec. Because of the British Conquest and colonization of the St. Lawrence Valley they have been deprived of their right to full self-determination. They have been annexed to British Canada. However, on account of historical and geographical circumstances, they have survived as a distinctive collectivity, and they have no choice but to survive. They are now three million and a half strong. By the end of the century they will be five million or more. They alone can determine the nature of their survival as a community. This is the fundamental reason why the provincial rights issue has been and is still, in Quebec, a struggle for self-government. The political events of the last twelve years have emphasized the fact that the *Canadiens* make some essential distinctions between the Ottawa government and the Quebec government. For them, the central government represents the rule of the English-speaking majority. Especially since the Second World War, when they realized how small was their actual influence on the general policy of the country, they have come to see it as the political instrument to enforce

the decisions of the Canadians. On the other hand, the *Canadiens* spontaneously consider the Quebec government as the most powerful means at their disposal for supporting their collective action and assuring their survival as a nationality. This evolution in their political and social thinking was inevitable because their provincial government is the only one in Canada which they control as a majority. It would be unrealistic to deny these facts.

The words of Lord Durham, whom I consider to be the best historian of Canada, still ring true: "I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state." Since Durham's Report, the British-American nation, which built the second kingdom of Canada with the help of the mother country, secured and now exercises her right to full self-determination. This collective freedom could not be given to both nations. Self-determination has naturally been the privilege of the stronger. However, some leaders of British Canada, more clear-sighted than Lord Durham, had realized as early as the 1820's that the complete assimilation of the *Canadiens* was impossible. Hincks, Baldwin and their successors made a deal with the French-Canadian spokesmen in the Legislature of United Canada and used them as junior partners to win responsible government. This victory however was placed in the hands of the British majority who utilized it mostly for its own benefit. But the *Canadiens* could say that they participated in the government of the country, and they were satisfied.

A better compromise was reached in 1867 with the creation of the Province of Quebec. The *Canadiens* had been lucky enough to keep a limited freedom of collective action as a nationality within the new federal framework. They at least had control over a provincial government. Yet, for many generations, they hardly knew how to use it. To understand this paradox, one must not forget that from 1760 to 1867 the political leaders of French Canada had always been an un-influential small minority in the executive branch of the government—before and after the establishment of responsible government. In fact, the *Canadiens* did not know what self-government meant and had developed a narrow conception of the role of the State and of the importance of political power. In this second half of the twentieth century, they are only beginning to learn that good government

by the English-speaking majority in Ottawa is no substitute for self-government by a French-Canadian majority in Quebec—even when this self-government can only be of a provincial nature and consequently limited to those fields of jurisdiction determined by the federal constitution. Enjoying a better standard of living and under the impact of an accelerated industrial revolution, the *Canadiens* are now engaged in the long process of revising all their former political and social thinking. And it is not in the direction hoped for by all those who have failed to understand the true nature of the French-Canadian problem.

There is no permanent solution to the problem of French Canada and its nationalistic aspirations. It could be settled only by the complete absorption of the *Canadiens* by the Canadians. To expect this result in the Province of Quebec implies much wishful-thinking. We face a problem of coexistence which is two hundred years old. There have been many compromises between the two nations since 1760. Each generation of *Canadiens* and Canadians has to make new compromises which take into account all the factors that have modified the equilibrium of the Canadian union. This coexistence has to be and will be a pacific one. It requires straight thinking, tolerance and forbearance, a clear perception of the fundamental issues, intellectual courage, political imagination, a sincere and enlightened devotion to the common good of the country. Historians, political scientists, university and college teachers, journalists and leaders in all fields of collective action—both *Canadiens* and Canadians—must realize that they have very great responsibilities in this respect. Their first responsibility is to approach the French-Canadian problem with more realism and less emotion, and to abandon all former wishful-thinking.

Review Articles

Penal Reform

—The Fauteux Report Reviewed *—

by

A. M. KIRKPATRICK

It has been customary to call the Archambault Report of 1938 a milestone in Canadian correctional progress because of the orderly documentation it presented of organizational and administrative procedures necessary to produce a well balanced penal system.

The forty-four recommendations of the Fauteux Report do this once more in concise and up-to-date fashion. The report in its totality may come to be considered a beacon in modern practice since it illumines the Canadian correctional scene with a philosophy which is humanitarian, realistic, and characterised by a strong sense of social justice.

Starting from the basis that the chief purpose of punishment is to protect the public it is clearly stated that in a "modern correctional system the first principle is to keep as many offenders as possible out of prison. When all of the alternatives to imprisonment have been exhausted, there will remain certain classes of offenders who must be sent to prison. Initially, imprisonment was based on a philosophy of punishment or sentence. This type of thinking is still to be found in some measure in the public mind. Increasingly, however, society appears to recognize that if it is to be protected to the greatest possible extent, an increasing number of offenders must receive such treatment at the institutions as will promote their reformation and rehabilitation. Such a process assists the offender to resume a normal, self-directed, law abiding life in free society."

Though the enquiry was specifically directed at the remissions functions of the Department of Justice the authors have studied the penal system as an integral whole and have examined the administration of justice from its foundations in the criminal law, through the arrest of the offender, his experience in the police courts, the use of probation, the maintenance of the penal insti-

Report of a Committee appointed to enquire into the Principles and Procedures followed in the Remissions Service of the Department of Justice of Canada, Ottawa. Queen's Printer. 1956. \$2.00.

tutions and their programs, the exercise of the prerogative of mercy by parole, and the after-care of the offender in his civil re-establishment in the community. This has been an arduous task which has been completed with logical thoroughness and judicial impartiality.

One of the major recommendations of the report is that a National Parole Board should be established as a quasi judicial body, and that the provisions of the Prisons and Reformatories Act now authorizing the imposition of determinate and indeterminate sentences should be repealed and the Parole Boards of those provinces which now have such an organization should be abolished. The suggestion is for a full-time Parole Board whose members should have personal attributes of integrity, intelligence and good judgment, which will command the confidence of the public, as well as qualifications by way of education and experience in the social sciences or other professional fields such as law and psychiatry. It is pointed out that the manner in which this first Parole Board is constituted will be of the utmost significance in the development of Canada's parole system. Such a Board would "have exclusive jurisdiction over parole in relation to all persons who are serving sentences of imprisonment imposed under the Criminal Law of Canada". An important consideration is that all prisoners at an appropriate period in their sentence would be reviewed by such a Parole Board to determine if they are suitable subjects for parole.

The report strikes sharply at the artificial division of responsibility between Federal and Provincial Governments for the jurisdiction of offenders sentenced to two years and over or less than two years. This division has prevented the proper mobility of the offender between the various institutions in the country which should be considered resources for his treatment. It has resulted in men with previous penitentiary records being sentenced at a subsequent date to reformatories for lesser offences and on the other hand in first offenders being sentenced for more serious offences to the penitentiaries. It has led to the development of large unclassified institutions with all types of offenders in the population, rather than small, specialized institutions serving specific functions in treatment and segregating offenders by such factors as age, type of problem, and security risk. The recommendation here is that "provincial governments should be responsible for the care and treatment in penal institutions of persons sentenced to imprisonment for maximum terms of six months or less, and persons sentenced to imprisonment for terms longer than six months should be confined in penal institutions operated by the Federal government." This is a clear and explicit statement which should be implemented at the earliest date by all the governments concerned.

The extension of the parole system and its development on the basis of professional standards will mean a greatly increased need for professional personnel in the penal institutions, the remission service, and the after-care agencies which will be responsible to a great extent for the supervision of

parolees. There will undoubtedly be great expansion of all these services and also of the probation services maintained by the provinces. The report recognizes that professionally trained staff experienced and interested in this field of corrections do not appear out of thin air and hence they have suggested that "the Department of Justice should organize and sponsor a national conference of representatives of Canadian universities to formulate university programs for the training of workers in the correctional field." This is an immediate "must" if the implementation of this report is to be made possible. Unless personnel of sufficient quality and quantity is available the basic recommendations of the report will inevitably be reduced in value.

For many years citizen groups have been interested in the field of prison after-care. This interest has waxed and waned over the years; but it is not without significance that today Canada finds itself with a very broad spread of prisoner's aid societies which have developed high standards and are strongly rooted not only in their relationship to the government services but in their relationship to their local communities. It is to these citizen groups that the report looks for a great deal of the necessary co-operation with the Remission Service in the supervision of the parolee as well as in the broader work of after-care for all prisoners whether paroled or on full-term release. These citizen groups may well take heart that their work over the past years has been so recognized and that more extensive financial grants to defray their costs are recommended to provincial and federal governments.

Administrators and technicians will face many difficult problems in endeavouring to work out the details by which this report may be implemented; but this is their responsibility. There will be inevitable differences of opinion as to the details of the report and one could have wished that there had been more definiteness in a few of the recommendations, particularly those relating to the devising of methods by which unjustified inequalities in the length of sentence may be rectified; to the proper solution for the housing of women in provincial institutions rather than in one women's prison at Kingston; to the necessary reorganization of the staff of the Penitentiaries Branch to cope with the proposed increased institutional responsibilities.

We have characterised this report as a beacon; but unless tended and kept in service a beacon loses its power to illuminate. It would be a tragedy if this should happen to this report. Public opinion should support the informed research and training program suggested for our universities, the careful planning within the correctional system by administrators, and above all the speedy and essential action by legislators in all governments necessary to implement the basic recommendations of the report.

The Committee was constituted by the Minister of Justice under the able chairmanship of the Honourable Mr. Justice Gerald Fauteux of the Supreme Court of Canada. William B. Common, Q.C., Director of Prosecution for the

Province of Ontario, and Joseph McCulley, former Deputy Commissioner of Penitentiaries and present Warden of Hart House at the University of Toronto, brought to the Committee their respective experiences in the enforcement of criminal law and the operation of the penitentiaries system. Members of Queen's University may take pride in the contribution of J. Alex Edmison, Q.C., a member of their faculty and former Executive Director of the John Howard Society of Ontario. These men have well earned both respect and appreciation for a job of public service well done.

A Group of Seven

by

DESMOND PACEY

Seven new books of verse—and one of them entitled *Friday's Child*! Since playing with nursery rhymes seems to be the latest fad among the poets, perhaps a mere critic may be pardoned if he takes the hint and assigns each of these volumes to its most appropriate day in the week.

Monday's child is fair of face—this is certainly Miss Phyllis Webb, who in both person and poetry is very beautiful. Her poems have almost always a lovely liquid flow, they are full of bright colours and especially of green, and they are packed with images which reveal the fertility of her fancy. I should say that her greatest gift is her capacity to find the apt concrete symbol for idea or feeling—the smooth pebble of prayer, the muffled velvet of patience, the sharp razors of pain. Miss Webb, then, has the *donnée* of the poet; but to say that her work is fair of face implies a certain lack of substance, and I do feel that she has not yet decided just what it is that she must say. Much of her work gives me the feeling that it is the product of the desire, rather than of the necessity to write poetry. It is significant that three of the best poems in the book—"Marvell's Garden", "Poetry", and "In Dublin"—are about poets and poetry rather than about first-hand experience. Another indication of this same tendency is her proneness to lapse occasionally (see, for example, "Lament") into conventional complaints about the state of the world in the whining manner of Stephen Spender. Indeed there is rather too much wistful pathos in this book, and I long for more of the exuberance which she has shown herself capable of in the poem on Marion Scott and in the gaily cynical "Earth Descending". For example, why in her love poems does she restrict herself to bemoaning the end of the affair, when she might as well have told us something of the delight of the beginning? It is true, as C. S. Lewis says in the quotation from which Miss Webb takes her title, that there are some journeys on which we must leave behind even our right eye; but these are rare journeys, and I hope that Miss Webb will keep both eyes open as she prepares her next book. Knowing her gifts for melody and imagery, we shall await that next book with pleasant anticipation.

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- * *EVEN YOUR RIGHT EYE*. By Phyllis Webb. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1956. Pp. 64. \$2.75.
THE HANGMAN TIES THE HOLLY. By Anne Wilkinson. Toronto: Macmillan. 1955. Pp. 57. \$2.50.
THE SELECTED POEMS OF RAYMOND SOUSTER. Toronto: Contact Press. 1956. Pp. 135. \$2.00.
LET US COMPARE MYTHOLOGIES. By Leonard Cohen. (McGill Poetry Series). Toronto: Contact Press. 1956. Pp. 79. \$2.00.
FRIDAY'S CHILD. By Wilfred Watson. Toronto: British Book Service (Faber). 1955. Pp. 56. \$2.00.
THE HALOED TREE. By Fred Cogswell. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1955. Pp. 16. \$1.00.
THE BULL CALF AND OTHER POEMS. By Irving Layton. Toronto: Contact Press. 1956. Pp. 49.

If Miss Webb is fair of face, Miss Wilkinson is certainly full of grace. I cannot remember another Canadian book of verse, unless it be A. J. M. Smith's classic *News of the Poenix*, which has so impressed me with its absolute perfection of finish. Every word, every phrase, every stanza and every poem in this book gives one the impression of having been weighed, measured, trimmed, cleaned and polished until it has the flawless opacity of the lens which is one of Miss Wilkinson's favourite images. For all this, the poems do not seem laboured but spontaneous, full of a kind of ironic playfulness which embroiders a basically serious view of life. This is the sort of thing she does, as though without effort:

And I was born a boy for I bore a boy
And walked with him in the proud
And nervous satrapy of man—
Though who can hide the accent of a mother tongue?

And I was a maiden all forlorn
A long long time ago.
But the time for maidens is said to be brief
And I do not remember it otherwise

This is a representative passage of Anne Wilkinson's verse, and it illustrates most of her qualities. There is the playfulness—in the pun on 'mother tongue', in the snatch from the nursery rhyme in the first line of the second stanza—but there is also the tragic sense of the tensions of boyhood and the transitoriness of youth and innocence. There is also evident Miss Wilkinson's sense of empathy—the capacity which she here reveals to feel her way into the life of a boy extends elsewhere to many other persons and things—and her ability to transmute the material of her own personal, feminine experience into the stuff of poetry. Another quality present is that of economy: Miss Wilkinson's poems are short, distilled, quintessential statements of deep feeling. The form is disciplined, quite devoid of the *longueurs* and languors of mediocre free verse. Most of the diction is simple, colloquial, even commonplace, but when she does use an unusual word, as the 'satrapy' above, it is always the word with just the right connotations. A few lines, however, cannot represent the variety of this Tuesday's child, whose work runs the gamut of feeling from the despair of "I Am So Tired" and "Dirge" to the exaltation of "In June and Gentle Oven" and "Once Upon a Great Holiday". Indeed this book is so rich in meaning and suggestion that if I had to choose one of the seven to take with me on a journey, my choice would inevitably fall on *The Hangman Ties the Holly*.

Wednesday's child is full of woe—and so, it would seem, is Mr. Raymond Souster. The little poem "Search", which Louis Dudek has here selected from 1944's *Unit of Five*, illustrates the sad manner and matter which Souster has consistently made his own:

Not another bite, not another cigarette,
 Nor a final coffee from the shining coffee-urn before you leave
 The warmth steaming at the windows of the hamburger-joint where the
 Wurlitzer
 Booms all night without a stop, where the onions are thick between
 the buns
 Wrap yourself well in that cheap coat that holds back the wind like
 a sieve,
 You have a long way to go, and the streets are dark, you may have to
 walk all night before you find
 Another heart as lonely, so nearly mad with boredom, so filled with such
 strength, such tenderness of love.

The manner is casual, almost careless—Souster rambles on, piling up apparently insignificant details more or less at random, until, just when you have relaxed and lowered your guard, he lets you have a swift punch in the solar plexus. You get so used to his technique that you think he will never manage to bring it off with you again—but he does. There is obviously much more art here than meets the eye. The matter is the life of the more squalid areas of our large cities, especially of Toronto, with an occasional journey to a crowded nearby beach or park. Love, treated realistically as something at least primarily physical, is the chief anodyne, and the beauty of nature is a poor second. The poems in this book have been selected from ten separate books published over the last twelve years, and give us an opportunity to trace Souster's development. It can be analysed briefly: there is no development, unless it be a development to have grown a little more tired, a little more disillusioned, and a little more bored with the passing of the years. One would expect, then, that this would be a very monotonous and disappointing book; the reverse is true. If Souster has not improved or changed, he has at least not declined: the last poem in the book, a gay fantasy about the roller-coaster at Sunnyside, is as fresh and surprising as the first. Indeed as these poems are read again and again one begins to see that there is more variety than one expected—that Souster can be gay as well as sad, clipped and epigrammatic as well as rambling and casual, angry and rebellious as well as wistful and resigned. There is something very appealing about his work—something genuine, honest, nakedly direct. I think he misses a lot of good things in life—he is quite blind, for example, to the virtues of Frederickton and of universities—but he sees things that the rest of us miss all the time.

Leonard Cohen, whose first volume is published in the newly launched McGill Poetry Series at the age of twenty-one, is my Thursday's child, for he certainly has far to go. Anyone who can write this poem before his majority has a great future as a poet:

Do not look for him
 In brittle mountain streams:
 They are too cold for any god;
 And do not examine the angry rivers
 For shreds of his soft body
 Or turn the shore stones for his blood;
 But in the warm salt ocean
 He is descending through cliffs
 Of slow green water
 And the hovering coloured fish
 Kiss his snow-bruised body
 And build their secret nests
 In his fluttering winding-sheet

Cohen has a fine ear for the music of words, as we can see from the almost constant use in this poem of assonance, alliteration, and onomatopoeia. He also has a keen sensuous response to the natural environment. He is not merely a sensuous lyric poet, however—he is preoccupied with violence, particularly the sacrificial deaths of gods, and more particularly with the crucifixion of Christ, an event which occurs and recurs throughout his book as a thematic motif. Cohen's vision of the world is of a place of violent contrasts, where gentleness is in constant collision with brutality. This contrast figures in almost all his poems, but never more movingly than in "Lovers", in which a love story is played out against the background of the concentration camps of Nazi Germany. But the poems which I like best of all are "Summer Night", in which the fact of man's essential loneliness emerges from the forced gaiety of a teenagers' rustic orgy, and "Warning", with its urbane, genial threat of doom. This latter poem has some overtones of Auden's earlier phase, but in this respect it is unique—Cohen's is a fresh and exciting talent which owes little to previous poets. All in all, *Let Us Compare Mythologies* is a brilliant beginning of what we hope may be a long and distinguished poetic career.

Friday's Child is not only a striking but also an apt title for Wilfred Watson's first book of poems, for most of his poems are about loving or giving or a combination of the two. This too is an exciting volume and resembles Cohen's in its interest in the juxtaposition of cruelty and tenderness, ugliness and beauty. But whereas Cohen strikes us as an original poet, Watson, for all his brilliance, is a maker of pastiches. As we read through his book we find ourselves writing in the margin "cf. Donne", "cf. Yeats", "cf. Auden", "cf. Eliot", "cf. Dylan Thomas", "cf. Coleridge", "cf. Herrick", "cf. Keats", or "cf. Hopkins". This, in other words, is literary poetry, the product rather of reading than of living, and I cannot disguise my feeling that I therefore find it less compelling than that of all the other poets in this group. It is not my cup of tea: it is pretentious, self-consciously clever, pedantically erudite. And yet there

are poems in the book that overpower even me with their scintillating virtuosity. "The Windy Bishop", for example, is a terrific poem about guilt and fear, in which the searing cold and driving blizzards of the Canadian prairies provide ideal objective correlatives for the theme. Here are a few sample lines:

Flakes of cold
 Curdled my blood
 Into sleet, my limbs
 Stiffened, and I stood dumb
 In the sick of fear.
 Even the fox shuddered
 In his pelt and the hills
 Huddled like cattle

When the windy bishop lashed me with his word,
 When the windy bishop preached my heart home.

At first the poems seem obscure, but we soon learn our way through Watson's symbolic landscape, especially if we have read our Eliot. But what bothers me most about this poetry is that it is a denial of life, that it keeps reiterating that earthly love inevitably corrupts into lust or declines into grief, that man's proper home is not earth but heaven. We have heard a lot about facile optimism in poetry, but not much as yet about the now prominent facile pessimism. I for one am not ready to write off life on the earth as a hopeless failure, and I suspect that most members of the human race agree with me. It may be a poor place, but it is our own. But it is presumptuous for a critic to argue with a poet about his ideas, and I should like to sum up my impression of *Friday's Child* by expressing the hope that these poems are the difficult finger exercises of a young writer who will soon employ his acquired technical virtuosity to project his own rich and peculiar version of the world about him.

The tag of Saturday's child who works hard for a living must serve, somewhat, for Fred Cogswell, whose second booklet of verse, *The Haloed Tree*, is number 164 in the Ryerson Chapbook series. This slim, sixteen page booklet falls far short of doing justice to Cogswell, whose output of verse is astonishingly large. The poems selected for inclusion here are not, taken as a whole, the equal of those in his first publication, *The Stunted Strong*. In the latter, one felt that Cogswell was writing honestly and sincerely of the life and people he knew best; in *The Haloed Tree* one has the feeling that he is trying on a series of masks to see how they suit him. The standard of craftsmanship is high, and the tight discipline of the form reminds us somewhat of the terse economy of Anne Wilkinson. But whereas Miss Wilkinson retains spontaneity and variety, Cogswell, in these particular poems at any rate, seems to get rutbound in recurrent rhymes and rhythms. After reading sixteen similar lines of the first poem, "Death Watch", for example, I find myself intoning these last eight as a meaningless and monotonous sing-song:

But though I feel death's arms enfold
 To rob me of my living gold,
 The wench has gifts to recompense
 The last surrender of my sense;
 Unlike those wrung from human love
 Her charms I cannot weary of:
 Long worms destroy alike remorse
 And longing for a second course.

Moreover, just as the single lines fail to add up to a whole greater than the parts, so do the poems fail to cohere into an overall pattern of meaning. Individually the poems are clever, true, perceptive; but collectively they reveal no single shaping personality. In *The Stunted Strong*, on the other hand, there was such a collective impression: a personality emerged in which tenderness and irony, compassion and anger touched and modified each other. In short, as so often happens, Cogswell's second book is something of a disappointment to admirers of his first. Knowing the rich energy and persistence of the man, I have no real fear for the survival of the poet.

And the child that is born on the Sabbath day—Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay. There may be a certain irony in reserving this description for Irving Layton, who until lately was the *enfant terrible* of Canadian letters. Certainly it would have been a misleading description of the Layton of a dozen years ago, when an awkward but terribly honest anger was his chief expression. But it is a tribute to Layton's perseverance and unfailing energy that by constant practice he has won for himself the stature and reputation from which he can permit himself to be blithe and gay. Poems such as "Sacrament by the Water", "Earth Goddess", "The Way of the World", "Astarte", "Song for a Late Hour", "The Fertile Muck", "Letter from a Straw Man", and "Intersections" are essentially happy poems, in which Layton affirms his values, especially the value of physical love. The old bitterness is there, even occasionally in these poems, and more prominently in "Abel Cain", "Spikes", and "On Seeing the Statuettes of Ezekial and Jeremiah in the Church of Notre Dame", but it is now a ripe bitterness. In that respect, the tone of these poems is akin to that of the later Yeats, and indeed it is of Yeats now that Layton most frequently reminds me: It is not the kind of literal reminiscence that one finds in Watson, but more of a spiritual affinity, of a mellow mixture of illusion and disillusion which refuses to deny the fact that man is of the earth earthy and there must abide. In contrast with Watson, Layton is a life-affirming poet, who delights in people, even in those he dislikes. He says of Ezekial and Jeremiah (whom he describes, incidentally, much as others have described Layton—as rugged, troublesome, angry, sultry, and coarse) that they should not be in the church but in "the sunlit square opposite/alive at noon with arrogant men", and one knows that for him the word arrogant is not, as it would be in Watson, derogatory, but appreciative.

I find Layton a refreshing poet to read. He has honesty and energy and an infectious vitality. Even his poorer poems—in this volume, for instance, "The Mosquito", which seems to me merely trivial—are provocative; and his best, such as the wonderfully tender "Bull Calf" which gives its name to this volume, are tremendously evocative and moving.

Deserting our nursery rhyme, I should like now to say a few words about the format and means of publication of these seven volumes. It is interesting to observe that only three of the seven books are brought out by the regular commercial publishing houses of Canada. Poetry, it seems, is going to have to depend more and more upon the private presses for circulation. Writers' co-operatives, such as Contact Press, are a fine idea and should be given every assistance; also it is good to see the universities beginning to play their part: the University of New Brunswick initiated such projects in Canada with Cogswell's *Stunted Strong*, and now McGill has followed suit with Cohen's book. But could not the private or cooperative or university presses seek at least to match the commercial houses in making their books attractive to look at and read? Even our commercial houses have much to learn in this respect: much the best bound and printed of these volumes is the Watson book, the product of Faber and Faber. McClelland and Stewart's *India File* books, of which Phyllis Webb's is number 8, look attractive, but they are not well bound: after a few readings the pages begin to fall out. Macmillans, who were turning out some execrable printing and binding jobs a few years ago, have done an excellent piece of work for Anne Wilkinson: let us hope the trend continues. But why should Contact Press turn out Cohen's book on sickly yellow paper with great fat type faces? And would not hard covers for Souster's *Selected Poems* and Layton's *Bull Calf* have been worth the small extra investment? A final point about format. Mr. Cohen's book is illustrated with line drawings by Freda Guttman, and although I do not think her drawings are especially skilful or apt I think this is a practice which should be encouraged. Anything which tends to draw the arts in this country into a mutual relationship is a good thing.

Format aside, the present state of poetry in Canada is a healthy one. Probably only twice before in our history—in the mid-nineties of the last century and in the mid-forties of this—have so many good books of verse appeared within so brief a period. Two tendencies seem to me especially important. One is that for the first time a poetic flowering in this country has not begun to fade after a decade or so of life: the renaissance that began during World War II seems to be gaining momentum rather than the reverse, as poets such as Souster, Layton and Wilkinson maintain or improve their standards and new poets such as Webb, Cohen and Watson continue to appear. Secondly, there are growing indications of a fusion between the two main recent schools of Canadian poetry, the proletarian school of Layton, Dudek, Souster on the

one hand and the academic school of Smith, Daniells, Wreford and company on the other. Apart from Layton himself, whose poetry as we saw is gaining in urbanity and wit and erudite allusiveness anyway, only two of the poets in the above list fit neatly into either camp. Raymond Souster, of course, belongs to the former group, and Wilfred Watson is clearly the latest recruit to the latter. But Miss Webb, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Cohen and Mr. Cogswell combine some of the best elements of both schools: all have learning, grace, wit, and a gift for metaphysical conceits; at the same time they have much of that close contact with contemporary reality, that compassion, and that naked honesty which made the first productions of Souster, Layton and Dudek so fresh and exciting a departure.

All in all, I feel a glow of paternal pride as I contemplate my week of children.

THE NEW BOOKS

Microscope On Suburbia

CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS. By John R. Seeley, R. Alexander Sim, Elizabeth W. Loosely, in collaboration with Norman W. Ball and D. F. Fleming. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1956. Pp. vi + 505. \$6.50.

"Crestwood Heights" is a description of some aspects of an upper-middle class urban residential section of a metropolitan city. The book is an outcome of the larger "National Mental Health Project" launched by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene (Canada); its aim was to describe the "social life of the community in which the whole experiment had been undertaken, with special reference to the child rearing process and its implication for mental health" (p. 431). Other parts of the experiment include a "Psychological Survey" of personality characteristic of the children of this social class; a report on the Human Relations classes project in which special personnel "conducted discussions with ordinary school children on topics chosen by the children themselves" (p. 47), with a view to analysing "the process of growing up in Crestwood Heights as it appears to the child" (p. 431); a report on the clinical services supplied to the school and community; and, finally, a report on the effects on their own communities of liaison officers or personnel trained there. Crestwood Heights, then, covers only the sociological aspects of this experiment.

As a book, it is hard to say for whom it was intended. The layman will soon be discouraged by its sometimes unnecessary sociological jargon. Sample: "Property is an essential component of status in Crestwood Heights" (p. 46). If one believes in the instrumental character of concepts, they should only be maintained when intellectual clarity is at stake. The social scientist, particularly the sociologist, will quickly become irritated by the very loose methodology employed by the authors. There are, however, some very interesting analyses and hypotheses to be found in the chapters dealing with the school (Ch. 8) and in the club-life (Ch. 10), and also with the problems of the practical application of scientific theories in the promotion of mental health. Curiously enough, however, these chapters—with the possible exception of the one dealing with "clubs"—are only quite indirectly related to the actual empirical research that was undertaken.

In the introduction to the chapter on "the Family" (Ch. 7) the authors state that "The description is further complicated by the obviousness of the material" (p. 159). I suggest that this statement could be extended to cover several other chapters, namely the chapter on "Shelter", where a detailed, laboured and lengthy examination of the social usages of the house and its physical contents adds little to the knowledge of a person who has even a slight training in anthropology or who is somewhat familiar with city life.

Similar comments could be made, although less stringently, on the entire first part of the book. A few samples:

"The behavior around doors, which control access from the outside world to all the areas of the house, is strongly differentiated. The back, or side door, exists for deliveries. Honored guests are introduced through a formal front entrance. Only a very intimate friend, usually a close neighbour, would think of entering through the side door, perhaps unannounced." (p. 54).

Sometimes, the obvious becomes slightly hilarious: "In the second floor area (the most closely guarded, where outsiders are concerned), the cleansing of the body and the renewing of life in sleep or sexual intercourse takes place." I do not grudge the necessity of the painstaking description which an anthropologist must make of a completely foreign and alien culture where the meanings of behaviour are totally unknown to the observer. But this level of description seems quite irrelevant because it relates, surely, to matters of common knowledge.

Sometimes the obvious gives way to the fanciful: "The telephone, which the more affluent place beside beds, and even occasionally in the bathroom, allows the invasion at any hour by a casual caller of the private areas that are regularly denied the nearest of kin and the dearest of friends." (p 55). This invasion of privacy, one must assume, will be a real threat when the video-telephone becomes standard equipment.

The major methodological weakness, it seems to me, is that there is no trace in *Crestwood Heights*, as a book, of systematically organized and processed data. Notwithstanding the continuing disputes on the higher levels of abstraction of what constitutes "the scientific method", a standard requirement that seems to have gained the consensus of sociologists when a research claims to be empirical, is that the reader be presented with organized data upon which the analysis of the scientist is based. The reader is thereby able to check indirectly the adequacy of the methodological construct in relation to the aims of research, to identify the actual data upon which the analysis is grounded. Such a procedure was introduced in the earlier "community" studies such as the Lynd's *Middletown* and Warner's *Yankee City Series*, or Hughes' *French Canada in Transition*. It is not to be found in *Crestwood Heights*, and this, to me, is a backward step in methodology. This minimum rigor in methodology does not involve highly intricate statistical manipulation: frequency distributions, percentages, etc. very often suffice. It cannot be argued, it seems to me, that the methodology used here is that of "participant observation". This method, in which I firmly believe, implies a more limited field of observation as in Whyte's *Street Corner Society*, and an intensive participation within the activities of a given group. The authors have, in fact, "examined and analysed census material", "administered extensive questionnaires" to children, secured "existing diaries and intimate life-history data", collected from the children a "systematic diary, for a sample week, of everything they did and whom (in the community) they did it with" (p. 17). If the data yielded by these tech-

niques have been systematically processed and do, in fact, underlie the theoretical analyses offered, the authors have not seen fit to incorporate their methodology in the book. This fact, in my opinion, greatly reduces the book's scientific usefulness.

Another recurrent practice that will arouse antagonism among social scientists is the frequent use of "psychological categories" of interpretation. Some emphasis is placed on showing how the "psychic weaning" of the child from the family is culturally carried out in Crestwood Heights (p. 55, p. 62). Behaviour is sometimes interpreted as an expression of "guilt" feelings (p. 82). Or again: "the son may sometimes be felt acutely as a potential rival by the father" (p. 201). This tendency is not sufficiently pervasive, however, to warrant systematic criticism.

To end this review with such more or less blunt criticisms would be unjust. The chapter on the school provides a very interesting analysis of the historical evolution of the social control of the school from the hands of the church and parents into those of teacher and specialist (p. 225 ff.); of the social system of the school itself; of the interaction of school staff and parents' associations. Probably the best chapter of the book is the one dealing with the club-life in Crestwood Heights where the basic interpretative category is that of the status-lending function of these associations. The convergence of business activity and leisure within the club is convincingly set forth; its role in the career line of the adult is well treated. The clubs are classified as "adult-centered adult-controlled", "child-centered adult-controlled" and "child-centered child-controlled". Each type is well described and the analysis sheds light on their interfunctional link with the community structure. It represents a significantly better treatment of such associations than one commonly finds in the literature.

One would have hoped that the bi-ethnic character of Crestwood Heights had been the object of a special chapter. The incidental references to the topic throughout the book are quite perceptive, and a more thorough examination of the ethnic accommodation would certainly have been a significant contribution to the scanty literature on this problem in Canada. Finally, the problems that arise from the practical application of scientific theories for the promotion of mental health in a community (p. 410 ff.) are well stated and reveal that the authors possess a critical insight into the sociological effects of applied social science.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL

HUBERT GUINDON

The Incredible Chiniquy

CHINIQUY. By Marcel Trudel. *Trois Rivieres: Editions du bien Public*. 1955. Pp. 339. \$3.50.

Charles Chiniquy, the subject of a recent study by Marcel Trudel of Laval University, is probably the most colourful and controversial figure in the ecclesiastical history of Canada. Born in Kamouraska, Quebec, in 1809, Chiniquy spent the first half of his career in the Roman Catholic Church, in which he was ordained as a priest in 1833. A brilliant orator, with a flair for publicity, he became well-known as an advocate of total abstinence. He was the author of a widely circulated *Manual of Temperance*, and claimed to have enrolled some two hundred thousand French catholics under the banner of temperance. It was actually proposed in 1848 that a statue of him should be erected in the Place d'Armes in Montreal, showing the "apostle of temperance" standing erect, with a jet of water issuing from his right hand, and his left holding a plaque recording his achievements for the cause of sobriety. The idol, however, had feet of clay. He left the diocese of Quebec under a cloud of suspicion. He left the diocese of Montreal amidst rumours of a serious scandal. The fallen apostle of temperance went to labour in a colony of French Canadians in Illinois. After a series of quarrels with his ecclesiastical superiors he was suspended, and finally, excommunicated by the Bishop of Chicago.

The second half of his career, from his suspension in 1857, to his death in 1899, was spent in a violent and abusive crusade against the church in which he had been reared. In the United States and Canada, in Europe and Australia, he lectured on the wickedness of the Church of Rome. He ridiculed its doctrines, and represented its priests as monsters of iniquity, capable of every villainy imaginable. In 1855 he published his autobiography, *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome*, a strange mixture of piety and pornography, in which he gave his own version of his career in the Church of Rome, intermingled with tirades against the confessional, the celibacy of priests and the dark plottings of the Jesuits and the bishops. He modestly revealed that he had saved Canada for the British in 1837 by reporting to the Governor of Quebec that there was a plot in which Irish Catholic guards at the Citadel planned to open its gates to conspirators who would slaughter the Protestants and annex Canada to the United States. No one except Chiniquy seems to have had any knowledge of this sinister and daring plot. Equally fantastic is his lengthy explanation of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. In one of his numerous law-suits Chiniquy had been defended by Lincoln. The Jesuits thereafter looked upon Lincoln as an enemy and had engineered the plot for his assassination! The bulk of *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome* is made up of a concatenation of similar fantastic and incredible inventions. Yet it is through this autobiography that Chiniquy has been chiefly known to Protestant people. It has gone through

many editions; it is still being sold, and has been translated into other languages, even into Chinese. In the April, 1955 issue of *Protestant Action* under the heading "Dates to Remember", the first item is: "April 14th. Abraham Lincoln killed by Wilkes Booth, Roman Catholic, 1865". The suspicion and hatred engendered by Chiniquy's militant crusade still live on in the underworld of Protestantism, and he is still looked upon by many Protestants as an illustrious convert.

Trudel's study of Chiniquy is to be welcomed for the light it casts on a period of Chiniquy's career of which little was known except through his own obviously garbled accounts. It is interesting to learn that even at the height of his popularity as a temperance preacher, he was warned to avoid coarse language unfitting for the pulpit. The version of his exodus from the diocese of Quebec which Trudel gives after a careful study of the sources is very different from the one Chiniquy gave and which Protestants accepted. The long and thorough study of anatomy which Chiniquy boasted of having made before undertaking his crusade against intemperance turns out to have been an attendance at a few autopsies.

On Chiniquy's career as a Protestant Trudel's study is neither as fully documented nor as extensive as one might wish. He depends on the account in Gregg's *Short History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada* for the circumstances surrounding Chiniquy's reception into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. When he and his "Christian Catholics" were received by the Presbytery of Chicago, Chiniquy appealed far and wide for financial assistance. He appealed for funds to relieve the distress among his people occasioned by a famine (a famine, incidentally, which did not affect other districts of Illinois!) and for support for a seminary in which thirty-two students were studying for the Christian ministry, and which had two graduates already labouring as colporteurs. The Presbytery of Chicago became alarmed at these antics. After one trial in which he managed to clear himself the Presbytery renewed its charges. Chiniquy chose this time to appeal to the Canada Presbyterian Church to be received as a minister. The Synod were slightly reluctant to receive a congregation situated in Illinois, but sent a deputation of three men to investigate the circumstances. The evidence collected by the Presbytery of Chicago was placed at their disposal. The committee, ready to believe the best, were persuaded by Chiniquy that the difficulties had arisen because of his unfamiliarity with Presbyterian procedure. A statement appealing for funds, which had appeared in the *Montreal Witness* had been altered by the printers to give a totally false impression of his meaning. Chiniquy had his own, hand-written version of the letter to prove his point! With this explanation the committee recommended his reception into the ministry of the Canada Presbyterian Church.

Those sponsoring his reception apparently expected that he would be a great asset to the church in its work among the French Canadians. Chiniquy,

however, found it more to his liking to lecture to English protestants on the abominations he had witnessed in the Church of Rome, than to labour for the conversion of his compatriots. Neither his message nor his methods met with universal approval in the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. G. M. Grant, who later became Principal of Queen's, was minister of St. Matthew's, Halifax, when Chiniquy was lecturing in the city in 1876. Although, as his biographers state, he had little sympathy for the militant ex-priest, he permitted him to speak in St. Matthew's. He stated afterwards that he did not wonder that there were riots and tumults wherever Chiniquy went. The Rev. Charles Hodge, the eminent professor at Princeton, ventured to assert that he would prefer to see people Roman Catholics than to see them infidels. This mild approval drew from Chiniquy a long and furious answer, which was published as a pamphlet and included as a chapter (XXVI) in *Forty Years in the Church of Christ*.

At the memorial service for Chiniquy one of the speakers asserted: "Oh! great Chiniquy, we shall not soon see thy like again." Those who take pains to acquaint themselves with his career will be disposed to say, "Thank God for that!"

TORONTO

NEIL GREGOR SMITH

Ancestral Hoax

THE PILTDOWN FORGERY. By J. S. Weiner. Oxford University Press. Toronto: 1955. Pp xii + 214. \$2.50.

Normally, it is the function of archaeologists to piece together the bits of evidence with which they are provided and to solve the mystery of their meaning. Rarely do they intentionally assemble or concoct evidence in order to create a mystery. There is one great exception, of course—Miss Agatha Christie. As the wife of the English archaeologist Professor Max Mallowan, she has her share of archaeological duties—piecing together Assyrian ivories or serving as house-mother for the excavation party. At the same time, however, she finds the time to create the mysteries which can be solved only by Hercule Poirot by the meticulous use of the "little grey cells".

Mr. Weiner, in this present volume, provides us with another exception to the general rule. He functions as Monsieur Poirot in the gathering and evaluation of the evidence dealing with one of the great archaeological hoaxes and its perpetrator. He himself is a physical anthropologist, and so, unlike Miss Christie, he did not create the mystery. That mystery surrounds, and has surrounded for a generation, the fossil "man" called technically *Eoanthropus dawsoni* (i.e., Dawson's Dawn Man). All educated adults of the present generation have probably heard of him by this title, or simply as the "Piltdown Man", and recognize in him one of the fossil links in the long history of man on

this earth. His position in our human ancestry, however, has not been unchallenged. More and more experts have voiced suspicions because he just did not fit the family tree as it has taken shape over the years on the basis of discoveries made all over the globe. Finally, some forty years after the first questions were raised, the cumulative suspicions led to an attempt to solve the mystery. This book gives the results—presenting the evidence fairly and clearly.

Piltdown Man actually consists of parts of a skull, part of a lower jaw and some teeth found by Charles Dawson in association with flint tools of a very primitive (eoliths) as well as more developed (palaeoliths) type, and early fossil animal remains in a geological context in Sussex, England, which seemed to date the whole assemblage to an extremely early period—perhaps 500,000 years ago. The evidence now demonstrates quite conclusively that the cranium is that of a fossil man, but at most 50,000 years old, and so by no means unique. The jaw and teeth, however, are those of a modern orang-utan, broken, filed and stained to match the cranium. The flints, where of human manufacture and not natural, are also intrusive, and have been artificially stained. The fossil animal remains come from varied sources, and neither fit their context nor can be associated in one deposit, and again, have been artificially stained. Finally, the gravel deposit itself, in which the materials were supposedly found, is now known to be of much more recent date than the Pliocene age. The forgery is thus abundantly demonstrated. One piece of evidence, however, seems to be either misinterpreted by the author, or there is something wrong with the figures. On page 42, and again in the table on page 43, there are given the radio-activity counts of the isotope C 14 in skull fragments, teeth and jaw. In brief, radio-activity decreases in geometric progression with the antiquity of the object. In these tables, however, the demonstrably (on other counts) older cranium has higher counts than the jaw and even more than fresh bone. On pages 64f, on the other hand, it is clearly admitted that—allowing for certain accidental features—the greater the age, the less radio-activity. This use of the C 14 evidence remains a puzzle to the reviewer.

That a crime was committed has been demonstrated, but it is not so easy to prove the identity of the criminal. In this matter the evidence is all circumstantial. Who had the opportunity and the knowledge required to perpetrate such a hoax with some hope that it would fool the experts? The one possibility seems to be Charles Dawson himself. And yet? Dawson was a respected amateur who had done quite good work in the past. What could his motive be? Mr. Weiner is fair enough to leave the question there. Dawson died in 1916, and so is unable to defend himself or to explain his part in the affair. It is best in the circumstances to admit the fraud and remove Piltdown Man from our ancestry (which he fitted badly, if at all) but to leave the case against Dawson himself where Weiner leaves it—strong suspicion but no absolute proof.

Canadian Segment

THE SASKATCHEWAN ICELANDERS. A strand in the Canadian Fabric. By Walter (Valdimar) Jacobson Lindal. Winnipeg: Columbia Press. 1955. Pp. 363. \$4.00.

This is a timely book, of special interest to the immigrant who has yet to fit himself into the Canadian pattern. After reading the story of the Icelanders, in their unaided progress through trials, disasters, and pioneer loneliness, to full integration, competence and success, he should have little cause to despair. It is also a valuable addition to the social history of Canada.

The occasion for the writing of the book was the Golden Jubilee, commemorating the establishment of Saskatchewan as a province in 1905. And, as the title indicates, its primary purpose was to pay a tribute to the Icelandic people for their share in the development of a wilderness prairie into a rich enterprising province. This purpose is fulfilled with distinction. For the task was prodigious, complicated by the element of time, compressed into a cycle unique in our history; a period of rapid expansion, of alternating hope and despair; war, spiritual confusion; depression; and war again. The years from 1885 to the present were a synthesis of forces usually spread over centuries in the growth of nations.

Into this volatile framework the author has fitted the story of the Icelanders with all the skill of his ancient forebears. The excellent organization of the material enhances its readability. Each section, whether biographical or documentary, is so well classified, and complete in itself, it may be read at random, as fancy dictates. There is something for everyone. The documentary supplies a wealth of practical information for anyone interested in the development of Canada. The biographical sketches are full of human interest.

Theoretically all of us are familiar with the hardships of pioneer life in the middle west; the battle against unpredictable weather, late and early frost; freakish heat, hail, destructive pests, ruined harvests. All this told in human terms makes an intimate story. But there was an extra difficulty in the case of these immigrants. Their's was not an agrarian background. They had everything to learn the hard way, including a new language. As if this were not enough they must also keep alive the ancient tradition of home education: pooling their books for a lending library; setting up a school; a place of worship.

This struggle on two levels is recounted without the taint of exaggeration; the truth is sufficient, and highly significant in the rapid integration of the Icelander. For the author was not content with facts and figures, and the usual statistics of progress. He had chosen as his guiding principle Professor Toynbee's argument that for him history is: "a vision of God revealing Himself in action to souls that are sincerely seeking Him." By this decision to let the historic process define the Icelandic character the book assumes a new importance as a social document and a medium of fascinating appraisal of a common heritage.

The introductory chapter is a brilliant review of racial origins, language, letters, religion, and tribal traditions that are the common source of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic-Norse allegiance to the democratic principles of freedom, the importance of the individual, and love of law and order. We discover these ties of kinship for ourselves in colorful incidents from the past: an Icelandic poet leading his armed host in defence of England, and remaining for a year to chant his verse as Athalstan's honoured guest; English and Irish priests departing for Iceland to stimulate the new faith—finding everywhere ties of kinship, for the same forces which fused and tempered the British people, also shaped the Icelandic character.

With such a preamble to whet his interest the reader will find the record of settlement in Saskatchewan as pleasant as turning the leaves of an old family album. Moreover he already suspects that despite obstacles and the spiritual confusion of a new mental climate a measure of success is inevitable. For these people were equipped with more effective tools than a hoe. They had come with a whole arsenal of great books. Something for the mind.

Nothing in the book is of wider application than the skillful account of the steady integration of these people into the larger sphere of Canadian life with its increased responsibilities and duties, but the limits of a review must leave it at that. Yet something must be said of the first Icelandic students in Canada (for they were the representatives of all that is best in their ancient culture) and of the bright hope and pride of their obscure hard-working parents.

They stood at the crossroads of the Old and the New their eager faces turned to the future. What had they to fear? Work held no terrors for them. For they were fortified by a great tradition. But we who knew them, and now see them thus from the far side of 1911-1913 know the answer. We also know how quickly they responded to the call of duty; and how fitly we now speak of the many who paid the ultimate sacrifice as "one of ours".

Mr. Justice Lindal has honoured his own people, and his country, by this Saga of courage, brave achievement, and public service.

TORONTO

LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

Arctic Exploration

JOHN RAE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ON ARCTIC EXPLORATION, 1844-1855. Edited by E. E. Rich, M.A., assisted by A. M. Johnson, Archivist, Hudson's Bay Company. With an Introduction by J. M. Wordie, C.B.E. President of the Royal Geographical Society and R. J. Cyriax. London: The Hudson's Bay Record Society. 1953. Pp. cvi + 401. No price listed.

John Rae may be a relatively minor name in the long list of Arctic explorers but a perusal of this collection of his letters, descriptive of his journeys, establishes his right to an honourable place in their roll and his title

to being away the most efficient. Possibly it is the very fact of Rae's efficiency which prevented more attention to his career. Other men could go out in ships lavishly equipped by the Admiralty, and their voyages invariably found much news value. If they came to grief, as did the most conspicuous of them all, Franklin, then their place in the pages of history was sure. If they were merely quietly successful and returned without having undergone undue suffering, then they were apt to be soon forgotten. It is to be suspected that to be a really famous explorer, a man must have the capacity for getting himself and his fellows into trouble, up to the point of death for all concerned, as in the cases of Franklin and Scott: the merely efficient Amundsens are easily neglected.

Dr. John Rae was a mid-nineteenth century Amundsen, or Steffanson: he travelled light, lived off the country and came back as healthy as he had set out. The most serious casualty suffered by his party seems to have been frost bite and that through the carelessness of the individuals involved. The personnel of his expeditions contributed greatly to their success, consisting for the most part of whites and Indians brought up in the north and accustomed to its conditions. The way in which he conducted his expeditions reminds us of that Grand Old Man of Canadian exploration who is still with us, Dr. J. B. Tyrrell (see the book of his expedition, *Five Thousand Miles across the Sub-Arctics of Canada*.)

Rae's explorations added a good deal of detailed knowledge to the country lying between Repulse Bay, in the north west angle of Hudson's Bay, the gulf of Boothia and the Boothia peninsula. In those years many search expeditions were being sent out after Franklin, and finding some trace of that explorer was of course one of Rae's major objectives. All the other parties were unsuccessful. It was Rae who found the first proofs of Franklin's loss. The first bit of news came to him on April 21, 1854: subsequent information obtained from Eskimos, together with the recovery from them of many objects which had belonged to Franklin's officers, put proof beyond doubt. Franklin and his ship's companies had perished somewhere to the westward of the Boothia Peninsula. Later expeditions were to confirm this and to fill in many details.

The volume under review has been edited with the scrupulous care to which we have grown accustomed in the publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society. The long *Introduction* gives a valuable and clear account of the general situation, of the search for Franklin, and of Rae's several expeditions. *The correspondence* has all the usual interest of intimate detail, and through it shines the strong sensible personality who was Rae.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

A. R. M. LOWER

Advances In Astronomy

FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY. By Fred Hoyle. London: William Heinemann Ltd. Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. 1955. Pp. xvi + 360 \$5.00.

In his earlier popular book, *The Nature of the Universe*, Hoyle drew enthusiastic acclaim from a wide section of the reading public and some exceedingly severe criticism from astronomers on both sides of the Atlantic. Since then he has gone far. The present volume shows a mature judgment in addition to a masterly grasp of the most recent, often spectacular, advances of astronomical research.

Much of the material covered in this book is of a profound nature, dealing with recalcitrant problems of the earth, the origin of planets, the nature of the sun, the birth and evolution of stars of all types and classes, the galaxies of stars and dust and diffuse gases, the theories of cosmology including the hotly disputed notion of continuous creation of matter. Yet so conversational is the style, so vivid are the comparisons and metaphors, that the reader is led on easily to some comprehension of the vastness and complexity of the material out of which astronomers are attempting to fashion more satisfactory theories than those useful tools of yesterday and today which are now proving inadequate. It is heartening, in a world of doubting Thomases, to find Hoyle paying his tribute to the courage and vision of Eddington in spite of the fact that his Fundamental Theory remained an unrealized hope; unrealized in Hoyle's opinion not because it is unrealizable, but because physics is as yet too rudimentary to make achievement possible.

The book is richly illustrated with 59 plates and 67 diagrams. Not only the lay reader but the astronomer and the metaphysician will find deep enjoyment in this able survey of an ancient but youthfully vigorous science.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

Freud Centenary

FREUD THE MAN AND HIS MIND. 1856-1956. By Richard L. Schoenwald. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1956. Pp. 250. \$4.50.

This almost pocket sized volume, published in the wake of Ernest Jones's definitive biography, will commend itself chiefly to the casual reader. The student seriously concerned with the life and work of Freud will find here no content which is not more fully reported by Jones—and Schoenwald's book lacks the detailed intimacy of Jones's portrait of a colleague. The Schoenwald study is notable for its relentless commitment to the device of tracing historically the origins and development of Freud's ideas. This is the route prescribed by Freud himself for those seeking a first entry to the hefty literature of psycho-

analysis. The method in practice, however, causes Schoenwald to structure his book round a chronology of Freud's many publications, with the content of each work briefly summarized. The brevity of exposition, combined with the absence of a logically worked out presentation of Freud's central concepts, has the unfortunate result of making some of Freud's astounding observations seem preposterous. Psychoanalytic theory does not readily lend itself to brief presentation, and divorced from the illuminating context of clinical practice is not likely to carry conviction for the layman.

The historical approach, however, has a compensating virtue for those who bring to the book a modicum of familiarity with and sympathy for the theory. When summarized so briefly, the incredible achievement of bringing a leading idea to bear upon so varied a collection of problems stands out more boldly than ever. Ticked off one by one, as Freud must have ticked them off, hysterical symptoms, dreams, normal slips of the tongue, amnesias, character traits, humor, psychoses, primitive totemism, religious ritual, art, are fitted to a general formula of unconscious mental processes. Whatever modifications must ultimately be made, this was the work of a mind whose equals in our century will be numbered on the fingers of a hand.

What made this great mind? This book, like all biographies of genius, must address the problem, but the attempted answers are not satisfactory. We are told repeatedly that Freud was driven by "a need to understand". And we are given more than a suggestion of its origin: "The achievement of understanding brought . . . an easing of tension. When he understood, the upsets inside him quieted briefly Breaking a mystery supplied a fulfillment like a sexual climax. The searcher at last penetrated through to the heart of the matter . . ." Surely Freud deserves better of his biographers than this dubious parlor Freudianism! Does this diagnosis seem adequate to the spectacle of an 83-year-old Viennese, hounded to London by the Nazis, dying for a decade from mouth cancer, spending his last painful months writing yet new books on psychoanalysis?

There was more, certainly, behind Freud's achievement than a simple need to understand. The respect for the power of intellect, combined with his fierce pride and jealousy over intellectual achievement, and with occasional ill-tempered polemics, indicate additional factors. There is again more than a suggestion of these factors, and this time from Freud himself: "To profess belief in this new theory called for a certain degree of readiness to accept a position of solitary opposition—a position with which no one is more familiar than a Jew".

The reader who turns to the life of Freud as a case study in the psychology of genius should be forewarned that his is not a typical case. The man represents a peculiar sub-species, one not without a certain importance of its own. This was the genius of the Central European Jew.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

LEON J. KAMIN

Tragic Genius

DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA: AN INTIMATE JOURNAL. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown and Company. 1955. Pp. xii + 303. \$4.25.

This book, an account of the visits and lecture tours of Dylan Thomas in the United States, raises three questions in my mind. Why is this such an absorbing and yet disappointing work? What have we really learned about Dylan Thomas as a creative artist? Should the book have been written at this time and in this way?

The first question, which involves an assessment of Brinnin as a biographer, is by far the most difficult to answer. Brinnin has to his credit an amazing power of observation, a memory for details of dress, deportment, items of food and conversation, and endless names of people who drifted into the Thomas orbit. But these meticulous accounts of where Dylan Thomas was on a particular evening, whom he insulted at which of a staggering series of literary saturnalia, which plane or train he missed, which bar he entered on Third Avenue or in Soho—these accounts ultimately become repetitive and wearisome. If he had had Boswell's technique of capturing the best conversations of the great man, his powers of observation and memory would have been put to better use.

Yet the book is absorbing despite this lack of selection, for Brinnin has a sensitive feeling for the mood of Thomas' American visits, and an understanding of the frenetic uncontrollable demon that possessed the soul of the poet. The reader cannot retreat from watching this disturbing and pathetic account of a gifted poet who had none of the ordinary powers of discipline and responsibility. The account of Thomas' final suicidal alcoholic progress is terrifying, sickening, and splendidly recorded. "I have seen the gates of hell" the poet said to his friends in those last days, and readers of this book are also given more than a glimpse of the agony and the death-wish.

Another quality that shines through the murk of drunkenness and disorderly conduct is the extreme devotion which Brinnin has for the poetic powers of Dylan Thomas. Despite insults, broken promises, and constant public embarrassment, he remained the close friend of the poet. He lets us feel how he was drawn to Thomas even in his worst fits, and he shows how Thomas attracted the love and loyalty of many people. Despite the suggestions of libel which Caitlin Thomas, widow of the poet speaks of in her foreword, I feel that Brinnin has tried not to let personal pique slant his account. His respect for Thomas as a poet, "imagination on fire" he calls him once, transcends all the bitter and frustrating experiences.

Thus the answer to the first question is simply that Brinnin has written an absorbing book that has too much to say. It disappoints me because the

same things are happening again and again; I feel that in a hundred pages he could have given us a better work.

As to the second question, what we may have learned about Dylan Thomas as a creative artist, I hesitate to pass judgment on the writer because surely Thomas was as much of an enigma to his friends as to himself. We learn, however, something as to how he started a poem (with a single phrase that was "right") and how he copied and revised and recopied up to two hundred times, how hard it was for him to start to work, or to complete anything, but how quickly he could compose under pressure. The final scenes of *Under Milk Wood* were scribbled as the actors put on their make-up.

But we do not learn much about the poet's reading, except for thrillers, or his selection of themes. We get scanty fragments of his conversations about poetry with fellow writers or composers, and I feel that there must be, in Brinnin's mind or notebooks, more of the talk of Dylan Thomas about his own craft. Some of the space given to telling us how many beers he had for breakfast could have been used for a proper picture of Thomas as a creator of marvellous images. We get this at least once, in his explanation of "the heron-priested shore", but not often.

The final question, whether or not the book should have been written at this time, is thorny. Caitlin Thomas, in her caustic foreword, suggests that one day she will write something that will vindicate Dylan and herself. My feeling is that the intimate disclosures made by the friend of the dead poet are in bad taste. All the infidelities, the relentless drunkenness and vulgarity in behaviour, the miseries suffered by both Dylan and Caitlin Thomas, the squandering of money, the stealing of shirts, all these things need not have been put on public show while the poet's children are still at school. This book will be read and known in the little villages of Wales.

Brinnin, who has put up with much, has relieved his feelings by setting certain things on the record, probably with great honesty, and certainly with constant admiration for Dylan Thomas as an artist and performer. But twenty years from now Brinnin could write a more detached account in which the important things which he has to say about one of the finest lyric poets in English would not be submerged in a dark and dismal account of a poet's Walpurgisnacht. The book is then premature, at times wearisome, but nonetheless fascinating reading.

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

MURDO MACKINNON

Literary Criticism

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Walter Jackson Bate. New York and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1955. Pp. xi + 248. \$5.00.

SELECTIONS FROM SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709-1784. Edited and introduced by R. W. Chapman. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1955. Pp. xv + 446. \$2.25.

THE MAJOR SATIRES OF ALEXANDER POPE. By Robert W. Rogers. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. 1955. Pp. xii + 163. Cloth, \$4.00; paper, \$3.00.

Many studies of aspects of Samuel Johnson have been published—early lives, later lives, essays on his opinions and prejudices, bibliographical and critical studies of his work, and innumerable gleanings of biographical facts—but few critics have tried or been able to put the pieces together. Johnson was too big a man, too complex a genius, to be easily grasped as a whole. Exceptions to this statement are Professors Watkins and Bronson, who in well-known essays emphasized the stresses and strains in Johnson's character. Now Professor Bate develops this theme farther, studying those characteristics of Johnson in the light of psychoanalysis. Johnson, he believes himself understood the secrets of the mind better than almost anyone before Freud. He had an uncanny sense of what repression can mean, and applied his intuitive knowledge of psychotherapy, not only theoretically in his moral writings, but also practically in the conduct of his life. Johnson's "achievement", according to Professor Bate, is primarily that, in spite of his neuroses, his compulsive tics, and his morbid fears, and also in spite of at least two serious breakdowns, he preserved his sanity to the end through sheer insight and greatness of spirit. One may not follow Professor Bate in every step of his argument, but if he has done nothing else, he has turned our eyes away from Johnson's weaknesses and towards his great reserves of strength. This was well worth doing.

Professor Bate's Johnson may not be everybody's Johnson. Though his argument is strongly supported by evidence drawn from Johnson's own writings and from Boswell and other biographers, one wonders if in places he does not cease writing a book on Johnson and begin instead to write one on psychiatry with copious illustrations from Johnson's case-history. The dividing line is hard to draw, but certain distortions can be detected. For example, Professor Bate undervalues and to some extent misunderstands Johnson's political opinions. Again he touches all too briefly on what he describes as "the delicate problem of Johnson's religious convictions", misleading the reader as to the central position of religion in Johnson's thinking and as to the support it often, if not always, gave him. On the credit side, however, are Professor Bate's recognition of Johnson's fine sense of humour, and more particularly his concluding chapter on Johnson's literary criticism, which is both a conclusion

to the argument of the book and an independent essay, presenting a sane and penetrating study of Johnson's mind at work in one of its favorite pursuits—the judgment of literature.

Another attempt to see Johnson whole is Dr. Chapman's who allows Johnson himself to do almost all the talking by means of an anthology of extracts chosen from his literary works and his letters (along with a few significant passages from Boswell). These are arranged in chronological order so as to show the development of his style. In spite of the promise apparently held out on the title-page, Dr. Chapman contributes neither introduction nor notes. Unfortunately few of Johnson's works are printed in their entirety; nevertheless Dr. Chapman has made his selections so intelligently that one almost forgives him. Nowhere else will one find the whole Johnson so well represented, for works have been excerpted that were not known to be Johnson's when the last "complete" edition was printed more than a century ago.

Mr. Rogers, in his study of the major satires of Pope, has made no attempt to see his poet as a whole, but he has supplemented Professor Sherburn's *Early Career of Alexander Pope* by a useful, if not equally brilliant, study of Pope's later career. He relates Pope's poetical history during this period to three pivotal experiences: the composition of the *Dunciad*, the composition of the *Essay on Man*, and his joining the political opposition. The first of these turned him away from "pure description" and towards "sense"—a much simplified but graphic statement of the change in the direction of his literary development which occurred in his mid-career. The second crystallized the ethical idealism expressed in his major satires. And the third broadened his social outlook, transforming his often supercilious satire on the "cit" into a genuinely comic view of human folly. Much of Mr. Rogers' road lay through familiar territory, but at almost every turn he has thrown fresh light. Unfortunately his ability as a critic is not equal to his competence as a literary historian. Nevertheless his book is the foundation for a clearer critical understanding of his author.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

CLARENCE TRACY

THE SPIRIT OF PLACE IN KEATS. By Guy Murchie. London: Newman Neame. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1955. Pp. xxxvii + 253. \$3.00.

WORDSWORTH, POETRY AND PROSE. Selected by W. M. Merchant. London: Rupert Hart-Davis. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin and Company. 1955. Pp. 883. \$5.75.

Keats has been well served by admiring biographers and sympathetic scholars during the past fifty years. Mr. Murchie's book does little more than swell the tides of sympathy and admiration by wistfully retracing the steps of the poet through the Middlesex countryside, London, Hampstead, Teignmouth,

Chichester, Winchester and Bedhampton, and by attempting to show how these places produced particular impressions on Keats's imagination.

Even considered as a lovingly compiled guidebook (and this is as much as can be claimed for it), *The Spirit of Place in Keats* falls short of any real standard of scholarship. Its reconstruction of the well known details of Keats's life is scrappy and erratic. It has no central thread, no continuity of thought. It pads out the facts with rhapsodic conjectures. It makes preposterous suggestions, such as the fantasy that *Isabella* was Keats's poetic reaction to the tubercular cough of his brother Tom (p. 97). Its footnote apparatus is totally inadequate. Verse quotations are referred to endnotes, while passages from the letters (always more difficult to trace) are given no references at all. For some mysterious reason, nearly all the quotations, ranging from lines of poetry to extracts from present-day works of criticism, are italicized; yet even here the practice is not consistent.

Chapter headings take on a touch of the burlesque, e.g.: "Poetry Takes Command at Hampstead: 1817." Other bizarre naïvetés keep breaking in. "Undoubtedly Keats had a vibrant nature" (p. 15). "Fancy was in his make up, however, and he could not help living it" (p. 33). "During the winter . . . his wagon stayed definitely hitched to the star of Hunt" (p. 52). "Perhaps John had begun this summer actually to detect traces of blood in his saliva. Putting a handkerchief to his mouth he would be aware of it . . ." (p. 181). Finally, as an example of screaming ambiguity, the following "elucidatory" comment would be hard to equal: "Since [in Keats's view] thinking of nothing at all was equivalent to thinking of all manner of things, it followed that the mind should spread its facets to reflect the shine of any ideas fancy found attractive" (p. 115).

Out of this welter of ineptitudes does anything new or interesting arise? Perhaps one detail. With the help of local solicitors, Mr. Murchie has verified the fact that the Old Mill House at Bedhampton was the Snook family residence where Keats wrote *The Eve of St. Agnes* and where he spent his last night in England. In claiming this as a "new" fact, however, the publishers have allowed vanity to outrun truth. Local tradition has accepted this identification for many years, and, as Mr. Murchie has the grace to acknowledge, the Rev. H. P. Stokes, in a little book called *Bedhampton*, stated it quite plainly as long ago as 1918.

Introducing the latest addition to the popular Reynard Library series, Mr. W. M. Merchant quotes a distinguished predecessor, Matthew Arnold, as saying: "To be recognized far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him." Very few modern editors or readers would quarrel with this view, but there is bound to be some disagreement on what constitutes the encumbering baggage. All things consid-

ered, Mr. Merchant has reduced the load admirably, and he has wisely rejected Wordsworth's own categorical arrangement of the poems, replacing it with what is virtually a chronological presentation, but still in keeping with the poet's avowed intention to illustrate the growth of his own mind. As one might expect, therefore, the 1805-6 version of *The Prelude* is preferred to the 1850; poems and prose pieces about places are grouped together in order of their composition; and this "creative relationship" is further recognized by the printing in succession of the Memorials of the Tours of 1803, 1814, 1820, 1831, and 1837, the Duddon Sonnets, parts of *The Excursion* and the *Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes*.

As the editor himself confesses, there are some regrettable omissions. In a book of nearly 900 pages, for instance, room might have been found for *Peter Bell* and *The White Doe of Rylstone*. To compensate for these losses, however, we are given the entire *Prelude* and a generous portion of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Only a short selection from the poet's interesting incursion into drama, *The Borderers*, is given, and the first thousand lines of *The Excursion* will be regarded by some as a skimpy offering. But the anthologist, no less than the Recluse, has the right to indulge the prejudices

Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolat retirement, subject there
To Conscience only . . .

The text, like that of all the others in the Reynard series, is beautifully clear, and the entire volume is in the best tradition of British book production. The paper is a little rougher than that of the earlier volumes in the series (some of which were printed on India or Bible paper), and the price seems to rise with each successive edition, contrary to the promises made by the publishers when the series began a few years ago. But one ought to be thankful that the standard of scholarship has held firm.

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

JAMES GRAY

Drama

ESSAYS ON EURIPIDEAN DRAMA. By Gilbert Norwood. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1954. Pp. 197. \$5.00.

It is hardly necessary to remind anyone that the late Professor Norwood of Toronto was a truly eminent figure in classical scholarship. His name will be associated with those of von Wilamowitz, Gildersleeve, Shorey and Gilbert Murray—the giants of the 1900's whose like we may not see again. The striking features common to these men, as they will surely appear in retrospect, will be the breadth and authority of their learning, the vivacity of their teaching and writing, and their real humanity. They could, and did, use the exacting apparatus of "scientific" scholarship, but they transcended it. They could speak the jargon of the experts, but they also had much to say to mankind at large.

This volume is a fitting epilogue to the study of Euripides, a lifelong interest of the writer's. The first chapter is the most significant. It is a general evaluation of the genius of Euripides. Although it is obviously intended as a series of propositions upon which the more academic arguments of the following chapters will rest, it is a masterly summary of the strength and weakness of Euripides as dramatist. Not all his dramas are rated as solemn tragedy, scrupulously designed: some are "melodramas, tingling with peril, suspense, and headlong adventure, where logic, common sense and probability may be flouted or forgotten" (29). Euripides "was a man of the theatre, whatever else he may have been" (ib). He is often guilty of "spongy diction" and of deliberate parody of melodrama (39). "His 'high seriousness' was strong but intermittent, his sense of balance, beauty and chaste outline, no less strong, was equally apt to take flight before a sudden impulse to instruct or shock or amuse" (48-9). He "was not a classical writer at all, but a romantic" (49).

The general student of literature will find much enlightenment in the first chapter. The remaining three chapters are more for the expert. They deal, respectively, with the *Bacchae*, its theatrical and theological problems (the chapter is a reconsideration of *The Riddle of the Bacchae* which Professor Norwood published in 1908); with "God and Man in *Hippolytus*", a play which is properly described as "not theological but human from top to bottom" (109), and with the *Supplices*, which on the strength of ingenious arguments is declared to be a patchwork of passages from a play by Euripides and another by Moschion on the same subject. This confection is thought to have been put together in the second, or third, century A.D. It is paralleled by other such exercises in ancient and more recent times.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

H. L. TRACY

MEDIAEVAL DRAMA IN CHESTER. By F. M. Salter. University of Toronto Press. 1955. Pp. xii + 138. \$4.50.

The twenty-third Alexander lecturer here provides us with a model of what can be accomplished in an endowed lectureship. The lecture, like the essay and the sonnet, is under severe limitation; when its matter is great, in bulk or in theme, the expression must be polished and exact. Thus, Professor Salter, whose enthusiasm for the Middle Ages compels me to say that he is 'sweet on' them, has produced a work of high spirit and great scholarship. It is fitting that these four lectures should be embodied in so magnificent an example of typography, for which, and for the handsome red initial capitals of each lecture, which embody bright illustrations of the Flight into Egypt, we are indebted to Antje Lingner.

Professor Salter is concerned to correct our perspective of the dramatic and cultural importance of the mediaeval stage. The great bulk of his argument

is a massive presentation of evidence to correct our understanding of some physical circumstances of the Chester cycle. He argues that the originator of the Chester cycle was not, as tradition would have us believe, Sir John Arneway (died 1278), but more probably Sir Henry Francis, a century later (1385). He presents much interesting information on the cost to the guilds of the annual performances. The rich clothes and ornaments were borrowed from the Church, but the Guildsmen paid heavily for 'pageant houses' in which to store the costly moveable stages. These stages were not flat platforms with space underneath for dressing, but wagons with a superstructure, a roof, a backdrop, a 'discovery' and a trap. The great theme of the lectures is that we are not to be deceived into thinking that these plays were crude and inartistic. Rather, they represent "an England with the gift of naturalness which has rarely appeared in our literature since the Reformation; it is an England with artistic instincts of a high order; an England with a deep sense of the homogeneity of man and beast and fowl, of all living things; an England deeply devout, into every moment of whose life religion entered as a living force . . . an England whose sanity and wholeness and balance ought to be an inspiration to all who come after."

This is the poetry of a great love, and, while it may serve to correct our perspective, let us not, in turn, be deceived by Professor Salter's ardour. The England, Merrie England, described above is the England we find *in* the mystery plays, not the England in which we find the mystery plays. Professor Salter is clear about this, but, unless we hold our breath and concentrate as the incense rises, *we* may not be, as we read him. Or, perhaps, Professor Salter is somewhat self-deceived: for is it not another major theme of his book that, far from being secular, the Mysteries were encouraged and promoted by the Church, serving as her great annual teaching festival, and that it was not their secular qualities which caused them to be abolished, but their religious ('popish') associations? And does there not run throughout these lectures, as a consequence, wistful regret that the shades should have closed in on Merrie England, to be replaced by 'comforts and machinery' and 'Freshmen who patronize Chaucer'? And is not Professor Salter charmingly tendentious—sweetly as only he can be—in peripheral matters, such as his cheerful assumption that the Church of England *replaced* the Roman Catholic Church? (Is one justified in using the latter title for mediaeval Latin Christendom before the Council of Trent?) If we may put Dr. Salter's perspective in perspective, the argument shall run: this whole unified mediaeval Christendom has disappeared, and in the two centuries in which the Chester cycle flourished the forces of corruption in Church and State were fast destroying it; but the glory of the Mystery cycles is that they projected a vision of their dying ideal while yet there was a unified firmament of belief, and that vision of the penetration of all life by faith and grace remains for our encouragement and inspiration.

Leibniz

LEIBNIZ IN FRANCE. From Arnauld to Voltaire. By W. H. Barber. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1955. Pp. xix + 276. \$6.25.
LEIBNIZ AND THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY REVOLUTION. By R. W. Meyer. Translated by J. P. Stern. Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes. Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. 1952. Pp. 227. \$5.00.

The history of philosophy is often treated as if philosophers lived in isolation from the rest of the world. The influence on their thought of the times in which they lived is often ignored or played down, while the great philosophers are considered as if they only affected other great philosophers so that the minor figures who were influenced by them are often overlooked. Yet these are the things about which one would like to know more, and, with respect to Leibniz, that is what these two books consider.

Meyer refers to the various interpretations of Leibniz that have been given and points out that they reflect the predominant interest of the time in which they were written. It is in this way, for example, that one gets the idealistic interpretations of Leibniz. Meyer contends that a new interpretation is needed that is based on the "failure of the traditional order" of European culture. Philosophers no longer express eternal truths, but rather the object and content of philosophy is "determined by its occasion". It is this occasion that makes philosophers reflect on, and so elucidate, the "predicament of their own specific situation". This is the presupposition of Meyer's work on Leibniz in which he is interpreted as a person living and thinking in an age of crises.

Unfortunately this does not give us very much of an understanding of Leibniz's thought. The largest part of the book is concerned with a presentation of the history of the troubles of Leibniz's time and Leibniz's diplomatic attempts at solving them. Meyer then attempts to show how Leibniz's philosophy is derived from his concern with the problems of his age. But this is done in the most sketchy fashion on the basis of vague sociological theories about what was happening at this time. No attempt is made at a clear presentation of Leibniz's philosophical writings, nor is there any attempt to deal with the classic problems inherent in his philosophy. Nothing is said of Leibniz's writing on logic, nor of his criticism of the Cartesian theory of extension, and if one were to read this book alone one would never understand why Leibniz is important. If, therefore, one wants to find out whom Leibniz met, whom he corresponded with and what the difficulties of his time were one can gain some information on these matters from this book. Leibniz the philosopher, however, does not appear here.

Barber is not concerned so much with a presentation of Leibniz's philosophy as with how it fared during Leibniz's life and, after his death, up to 1760 in France. The book is divided into three sections. The first consists of the

relation between Leibniz and French thinkers during his lifetime and includes a good account of his relation to Boyle against whom he wrote the "Theodicy". The second section deals with the neglect of Leibniz and then the renewed interest in him because of Pope and Wolff. In both sections Barber carefully traces the relations and arguments between all the men who wrote either for or against Leibniz. Their positions are presented lucidly and although there is no complete presentation of Leibniz's philosophy given in the book his position on the various points at issue is presented clearly enough for one to follow the discussion with comparative ease. This is especially true with respect to the problem of freedom and evil, which brought about a revival of interest in his philosophy. The third section is concerned with Voltaire and his various reactions to Leibniz's philosophy. It therefore contains an account of Voltaire's changing views on the problem of freedom and evil, which is valuable in itself. The book also includes in an appendix a list of articles in French periodicals from 1670 - 1716 concerned with Leibniz's philosophy. It is thus a book which both the philosopher and the student of French literature and history can read with profit.

It is unfortunate that in neither of these books are the quotations translated from the original French. Stern translates some passages, but leaves most of them in French while Barber does not translate any passages. The usefulness of both these books would have been increased if all quotations had been translated.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

WALTER B. CARTER

Plato On Art

PLATO'S THEORY OF ART. By Rupert C. Lodge. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd. Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. 1953. Pp. viii + 316. \$4.25.

Professor Lodge has already analysed Plato's theories of education and of ethics. In this third book he turns to examine the origin, nature, function and limitations of art as discussed in the "Dialogues". Though he is familiar with most of the secondary literature on the subject, Lodge prefers to stick to the evidence found in Plato's own works. As such, this book, the first to deal systematically with the subject in English, should prove useful both to the specialist and the general reader.

After describing the background of Hellenic theories of art Lodge distinguishes three attitudes current in Greece: those of the naturalists, the humanists, and the idealists, (i.e. Pythagoreans, Eleatics, the "Friends of Ideas"). All questions raised in the book are discussed from this three-fold viewpoint, and the author is careful to make plain that Plato, despite certain popular misconceptions, in making his own synthesis does find room, proportionate to

their merits, for all three points of approach. The supreme, the "royal art", is that of "administration" which provides the norm whereby all other arts are to be judged. Rhetoric, poetry, music, etc., have significance only in so far as they serve to interpret, guide and enrich life in the ideal community. It is from this standpoint also that Plato determines the part to be played by artists in establishing critical standards and the extent to which they are to be free to practise their several arts.

Much of the ground, of course, has been covered before, but Lodge has many interesting observations to make. Among others we may note his valuable discussion of "rhythm", and his insistence that the Greeks were aware of the distinction between the crafts and the fine arts. Unfortunately, many of his most pertinent comments are confined to the footnotes which often make much livelier reading than the text itself. At times, moreover, when evidence is lacking, he seems to rely too much on intuition, despite his caustic comments on the use of this faculty by other writers on Plato. Few scholars, for example, would agree with the addition of the word "impersonal" in the writer's statement (p. 179) that "Plato insists that in his Dialogues the reader will find, NOT 'opinions of Plato', but only an impersonal portrait of Socrates, suitably embellished."

In his introduction the author censures the "narrow and one-sided approach" of many scholars who, because of their special bias (that, for instance, Plato's theory of the state is fundamental to a discussion of any aspect of his thought) conclude that human art occupies a "very humble position in Plato's estimation". Yet it appears from Lodge's own summary (p. 227) that the difference between Plato's attitude to art and that, should we say? of a Russian commissar castigating a musician or poet for "capitalist-bourgeois deviationism" is one of degree rather than of kind. Until he can be convinced that Plato is a great artist because the "Dialogues" conform to his own philosophical standards and not because he possessed supreme gifts of poetic insight, the reviewer, at any rate, will continue to prefer a Shelley to an Isaac Watts.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

S. E. SMETHURST

Poet And Politics

HEINRICH HEINE: Two Studies of his Thought and Feeling. By William Rose. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1956. Pp. 158. \$2.75.

One hundred years ago Heine died in Paris after eight years on his "mattress grave". A highly controversial figure, he wrote—or dictated—prolifically to the very end of his tortured physical existence. An intervening century has done little to diminish the clash of opinion, except that today the debate strikes a more remote and muffled note. Controversy even enters consideration of

Heine's present status. To Professor E. M. Butler "Heine is nowadays an almost unknown quantity in this country (England)." Professor Liptzin finds that Heine's impact upon the English has developed almost into a legend which obscures the real Heine but this is taken to be proof that Heine is still a living force.

Professor Rose of the London School of Economics has confined himself in the present volume to two aspects: Heine's Political and Social Attitude and Heine's Jewish Feeling. The smoothness of this book veils the difficulties overcome in pursuing these specific themes in a writer who, more than most, defies abstraction. Heine revelled in contradictory statements: "Don't talk to me of the Jewish religion, I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy . . . it isn't a religion at all, but a misfortune". "The Jews are of the dough from which gods are kneaded."

The first essay traces the political and social attitudes in considerable detail. Some of the more superficial and mistaken judgments of Heine are included and if the reader wonders at times where this study is leading, his interest is sustained by the fare. For the author has wisely let Heine do most of the exposition and the original force and wit of Heine's utterances have lost little of their lustre after a century.

The role played by Marx in Heine's political development is a typically controversial theme and East German critics are now swelling the ranks of those who claim the closest connection and influence. Professor Rose examines the evidence carefully and we obtain a glimpse of such domestic scenes as Heine arriving in the Marx's menage in time to save the life of Marx's infant daughter Jenny who was in convulsions. "There is evidence that the two men were in close personal touch during the ten months they were together in Paris (1844)." But Heine was then 46 and "Marx at the age of 25 was still in the process of clarifying his ideas." While it is true that Heine's poetic contributions to Marx's paper *Vorwärts* marked a new high in caustic criticism, it is probable that other factors partly account for this trend, notably Heine's visit to Germany in 1843. Professor Rose concludes: "Marx's doctrine, which was still in process of formulation, had no influence whatsoever on Heine's thought either then or later." Indeed the influence may have been in the reverse direction: "the impression he (Heine) made upon them (Marx and Engels) was evidently not negligible . . . The later systematization of Marx's communist doctrine, rooted though it was in the Hegelian dialectic which had once appealed to Heine, could have no attraction for the aesthetically sensitive poet who, though deeply convinced of the need for social reform, contemplated with abhorrence the actual emergence of the proletariat as the ruling class."

This essay gives more than its limited title promised and weighs judiciously the weaknesses and virtues of Heine: his lack of a positive political ideal; his ignorance of economic principles; his flashes of prophetic insight which clearly

foresaw the rise of Nazism and much else; his awareness of the weaknesses of German character alongside his abiding faith in the permanent values of the German mind; his European spirit running counter to the warped spirit of nationalism; and not least a style and a wit unprecedented in German literature. "We may still regard him as a contradictory and erratic genius, but his prose and poetry must be considered together . . . Heine was driven by the idea of human liberty, but for all the venom with which he tipped his sword he fought as a poet not as a political thinker."

The second essay is a nicely balanced study of the interplay between intellectual antipathy to the Jewish religion and a Jewish feeling "which amounted at times to nostalgia" in Heine. This book is a valuable contribution to Heine scholarship and suggests that Heine is not moribund in England.

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G. W. FIELD

New Testament Scholarship

THE BACKGROUND OF THE NEW TESTAMENT AND ITS ESCHATOLOGY. Ed. by W. D. Davies and D. Daube. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The MacMillan Co. of Canada. 1956. Pp. 556. \$14.00.

Those who have watched the scholarly career of Professor C. H. Dodd, and particularly those who have profited by his teaching (and they are legion), will rejoice at the appearance of this splendid and worthy *Festschrift* published in his honour. The world of Biblical Scholarship will heartily commend the action of its editors for undertaking this altogether excellent project in recognition of one who has been pre-eminent in this field for the past three decades. Fitting indeed it is that scholars of unquestioned standing representing Europe, America, and Britain, should here unite to produce a volume whose very title suggests the areas of thought to which Dr. Dodd has made such a notable, and in some respects original, contribution.

With one who has written so widely, and with such evident mastery, in the field of Biblical interpretation as has C. H. Dodd, universal agreement could scarcely be expected. He has had many and severe critics, not a few mercilessly attacking the position known as "Realized Eschatology" with which his name has become identified. Nevertheless, few would wish to detract from his superior place as exegete, research scholar, and biblical interpreter, or fail to acknowledge their deep indebtedness to him in these departments. His commentaries, his studies in Pauline and Johannine thought, his epoch making study of the apostolic *kerygma* and its developments, his acute analysis of the history and validity of the Gospel tradition, all have greatly enriched our knowledge of the New Testament. Fundamental to all this has been his conviction that the eschatological faith is vital to any understanding of first century

Christian thinking. Coupled with this conviction, and growing out of it, the existential character that makes the Gospel eternally relevant has been brought more clearly into focus.

These reflections upon the work of Professor Dodd serve to emphasize the significance of this present work, for its first part contains ten essays dealing with various research questions relative to New Testament background; its second, sixteen essays centring around the eschatology of the New Testament, one of the liveliest issues in the biblical field today. These essays are valuable because they bring us up to date on what has been and is being said on certain vital issues. It is impossible to summarize each essay or to give even a general summary of all of them in such a limited appraisal as this. They deal with such subjects as the responsibility of the exegete and the expositor in communicating the biblical message to the modern mind, the alleged influence of pagan conceptions upon New Testament thought, the bearing of Jewish Messianism upon the development of New Testament Christology, the emergence of the Gospel Tradition and the question of its relation to a primitive Christian lectionary, the light thrown by recent Palestinian archaeological discoveries upon the content and dating of the Fourth Gospel, the present position respecting research into the Jesus of History, the meaning of 'Parousia' in *Matthew*, the distinctive handling of eschatology by the writer of *Luke-Acts*, Pauline thought concerning salvation, eschatological thought in *Hebrews* and in *I Peter*.

The above list does not exhaust the subjects dealt with in this exceedingly valuable volume. When to this one adds the names of such distinguished contributors as Bultmann, Stauffer, Cullman, Goguel, T. W. Manson, Black, Albright, Cadbury, Grant and Wilder, one scarcely needs to stress the fact that the editors not only have done justice to their desire to honour Dr. Dodd, but have also given us a volume that will be sought after for its own sake as a rich mine of information upon questions that continually engage the interest of biblical scholars everywhere.

To single out and commend separate papers is difficult and somewhat invidious, for the level of scholarship here offered is high, and the matter presented of superb quality. One might be forgiven, however, for referring specifically to W. D. Davies' excellent treatment of Archbishop Carrington's *The Primitive Christian Calendar*, Albright's stimulating and suggestive article on recent archaeological discoveries and their bearing on the Gospel of John, T. W. Manson's customary wise and balanced statement on researches into the life of Jesus, and Amos Wilder's brilliant concluding and fitting essay on "Kerygma, Eschatology and Social Ethics".

This book is to be praised and commended in the highest terms both for the purpose of its conception and the solid fare it provides for the field of Biblical studies.

The Crusades

A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES, III. THE KINGDOM OF ACRE AND LATER CRUSADES. By Steven Runciman. University of Cambridge Press. Toronto: Macmillan. 1954. Pp. xii + 530. \$6.75.

This volume completes what one must call the definitive history of the Crusades. It is a study of great complexity and thoroughness, to be read several times before one can claim to know all that it contains. The author has drawn upon original sources both European and Oriental, including chronicles and histories in Arabic, Persian, Armenian, Syriac and Mongol.

The narrative begins with the third crusade and ends with the abortive crusade of Aeneas Sylvius (Pius II) in 1464. The best and worst of mediaeval Europe is laid before the reader: the idealism that staked one's life to rescue the holy places from the unbelievers, the cynicism of the profiteers both military and commercial, the foresworn promises and the savagery of western soldiers of all ranks. The moral degeneration is there; the Italians supplying the Sultan of Egypt with arms to fight their co-religionists; the barbarity of crusaders who had been promised plenary indulgence for taking the cross.

On the political side the Franks learned nothing in their three centuries in Outremer. Rivalries bore no relation to nationality. The international orders of the Hospital and Temple were bitter rivals. The dynastic competitions of leading families produced a state of chronic division that often became civil war. The High Court of the Kingdom of Jerusalem followed certain clearly conceived principals of government, not unlike the Great Council in a well organized feudal kingdom, and any political principles that were followed must be looked for in its deliberations. The Italian maritime states Venice, Genoa and Pisa, were a turbulent and self-regarding element whose intrigues and violence aggravated existing discord. Civil strife went on in the last Christian stronghold of Acre even while the Moslem net was being drawn around it.

Outremer—the collective name for all the crusading kingdoms—was never self-sufficient economically. Its exports were never great—a little sugar, spice and silk. Its revenue came from the trade that crossed its frontier and passed through its ports. The Italians controlled this. Such trade required peace with the Moslem states and this was a deterrent to crusading expeditions into the interior. Live and let live became the policy of the Franks established there who were embarrassed by the combative zeal of newly arrived crusaders from the West eager to slay the infidel. Outremer depended upon the West and on the Italians for its sea communications, therefore the Italians had a double hold. But as local revenues were insufficient Outremer had to be subsidized from the West. Crusading taxes, gifts of the devout, revenues from European estates of the military orders made up this. The position was not unlike that of Israel today.

In another way the position resembles that of South Korea,—a physical enclave of a western idea in an Asiatic environment, maintained by sea power and a measure of occidental cooperation. A difference would be that the western nations have more political judgment now.

Outremer was always short of soldiers. The importance of Cyprus as an off-shore base becomes apparent. Again and again the fighting men of that island intervened to save the crusading states from disaster. Without Cyprus the Franks would have lost their lands much sooner.

The interplay of wars and politics among the eastern peoples gets detailed treatment in this book. The Eastern Empire, Armenia, the Ayubite kingdom, the Mongols, the Mamelukes: at times Outremer was left alone only because its more powerful neighbours were at odds among themselves. Runciman brings out the diplomatic relations between the states of western christendom and the Mongols, and the obsession of the Western Church with the prospect of converting these people.

This book is particularly severe about the prostitution of the crusades, first by the Venetians and later by the popes. The author follows the moves of Charles of Anjou, with and without papal support, and the adverse effect these had upon the fortunes of Outremer and the Eastern Empire. There was the ecclesiastical imperialism of Rome that persisted in efforts to dominate the Eastern churches, and its political imperialism that fought to put the Angevins back into power after the Sicilian Vespers. There was the debasing of the crusading ideal in the Albigensian crusade and later political wars of papal policy. The first crusade redounded to papal prestige but the last crusades damaged it. A chapter entitled, "Summing-Up" gives the author's conclusions.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

W. E. L. SMITH

Recent Fiction

THE THRESHOLD. By Dorothea Rutherford. Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown and Company. 1955. Pp. 313. \$4.50.

A SINGLE PEBBLE. By John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited. 1956. Pp. 181. \$3.50.

'The Threshold' is a very sensitive description of how life unfolds itself to a little four or five year-old girl, Liesbeth. Related in the third person, the novel is restrained in tone and refreshingly devoid of that precocity and egotism which too often mars first person accounts of this kind. A delightful change from the 'was a sensitive child' type of novel! Nothing, however, is lost by this third person treatment in the immediacy and vividness of the narrative. It is through Liesbeth's eyes that we see the wide, baffling, exciting world. Her feverish terror during a nightmare, her fascination with the shape

of a snowflake, her childlike delight in a secret treasure buried in her drawer—all these experiences are reflected with startling clarity in the crystalline pool of her consciousness.

The plot of 'The Threshold' merely consists of a series of incidents in a period of perhaps two years of the heroine's life. Although it may be somewhat lacking in dramatic shape, its episodic, leisurely style is in many ways admirably suited to portraying the manner in which a little girl discovers life. The simple lyrical prose also proves to be an appropriate medium for this purpose. Perceptive and sensitive, it exhibits how acutely attuned is the author's ear to the tone values of words: Liesbeth's mother is crying silently in bed after little Irmgard's death, and her "tears well up slowly like thick drops of blood from a deep wound". Note how perfectly the 'o' assonance suggests the burden of a grief too deep-seated for expression.

It is Miss Rutherford's realistic approach to childhood that makes her novel memorable. She knows that agonizing sense of isolation that the child surrounded by all-powerful adults who often cast leaden indifference upon one's greatest joys and sorrow, can experience. She remembers the immense difficulty of tasks such as printing and threading a needle. Above all, she knows the things which delight a child's heart. The incident in which Liesbeth's Grandmamma secretly ties some apples to Liesbeth's immature little apple tree captures perfectly that quality of freshness and bloom that is quite unique to the experiences of childhood.

The central character of 'A Single Pebble' is a young American engineer sent to China in the twenties to inspect the great Yangtze River for possible locations for a great dam. As he travels up the river in a junk towed by trackers the myths and ancient poetry of this fantastic river make their impact upon his Western mind. His down-to-earth practicality, his scorn of the irrational and superstitious, and his belief in his own power to change things shrink before the awesome gorges of the Yangtze.

Centered in a single consciousness, this novel of revelation thus attains a dramatic unity which is lacking in some of Hersey's other more episodic novels. As the junk travels up the steadily rising river, each descriptive detail has been chosen with artistic precision for the contribution which it can make to the steadily mounting suspense which comes to a tremendous climax at Wind-Box Gorge. One feels that Hersey has retained all the best qualities of the reporter—the ability to keep his eye on the object and to render it exactly as seen, heard, felt—but that he is now also complete master of his material. He grasps the basic sense-impressions, selecting them and moulding them to his over-all artistic purpose, rather than the facts grasping him.

A striking development in Hersey's prose style is the most remarkable feature of this novel. Its deceptive simplicity reveals the most careful craftsmanship upon close scrutiny. Powerful rhythmic patterns echo exactly the movement

of the Yangtze itself. Skilfully woven amongst these are short nervous periodic sentences, such as 'Still, though, the rapids roared' which suggest the growing feeling of anxiety in the hero's mind. Hersey has clipped away all that is verbose, loose and excessive, and for the first time has attained a classic simplicity of style.

It must be pointed out, however, that 'A Single Pebble' lacks some of the vigour of characterization that we find in such other novels of his as 'A Bell for Adano'. We do not know the characters as we do, for example, Major Joppolo or Guiseppe. Although Hersey travelled in China, he lacks the first-hand knowledge of the Oriental that he has of the Italian. Hersey knows his Italian—voluble, gregarious, gesticulating and delighted by volleys of invective—and he depicted him in all his full-blooded vigour in 'A Bell for Adano'. The owner of the junk, the head tracker, Old Pebble, and particularly the owner's wife, Su-ling seem remote and two-dimensional figures by contrast.

Despite this one flaw, 'A Single Pebble' is the best novel which John Hersey has produced to date. His earlier works, such as 'Men of Bataan', 'Into the Valley', 'The Wall' and particularly, 'Hiroshima' were models of accurate, vivid reporting but they were only too guilty of the charge that Hersey's books are mere journalism presented in dramatized form. Even though 'A Bell for Adano' shows Hersey beginning to discard his tape-recording and photographic methods, as it were, for a more artistic selectivity of detail, it lacks the serenity of tone, the unity of plot and the mature prose style of 'A Single Pebble'.

KINGSTON, ONT.

PATRICIA BROADHURST

Creative Writing — To Order

NEW VOICES 2: AMERICAN WRITING TODAY. Edited by Don M. Wolfe. New York: Hendricks House. 1955. Pp. xxix + 481. \$5.00.

A reading of this anthology (one of a series sponsored by New York's New School of Social Research) would arm the opponent of creative writing courses with a crushing store of lead. Even a better-disposed reader might close its pages with the weary question: "Can creative writing really be *taught*?" Mr. Don Wolfe, the editor, is sure that creative writing *can* be taught. In an introduction which zips with professionalism and brightly phrased half truths, he skirts both the idea and definition of "genius" and insists that "talent" is eminently teachable: "the more creative the writer, the more teachable he is, the more receptive to the response of the reader and the suggestions of his critics."

"Talent", as Mr. Wolfe sees it, is more a combination of inexhaustible energy and verbal skills than an exceptional endowment of mind and sensibility. He counsels the young writer, therefore, to seek "conscious . . . ways and means of electrifying his style." First, he should emulate Faulkner, Proust and Conrad (and shun James and Wharton) in the use of "concrete words". Second,

he should learn to "strike off figures from his own daily observation not only very exact in image but also original in conception." Third, he must master "the essential principles of visualization and the order of detail." Fourth, he must learn "to be a critic and tutor of himself" by immersing himself "in a master novel each week". Finally, he should test "each theme and idea by the criteria of electric attention, [and] its place in the hierarchy of crucial dilemmas".

Whatever we think of this talent-making formula, we can agree that Mr. Wolfe's proteges have hearkened to the schoolmaster's lesson. They write an ostentatiously concrete prose, filled with images of varying suitability, and wracked by the mannerisms of Dos Passos, Farrell and Sinclair Lewis. Few have dared imitate Faulkner, but many of them swirl and boil with raw Faulknerian intensity. They have followed Mr. Wolfe's theory, moreover, by searching their "environment . . . and mind for unique departments of experience yet undocumented." The result is a parade of deafmutes, kleptomaniacs, amputees, asylum inmates and social misfits who in sum present a terrifying and bizarre picture of American life, but as individuals rarely rise above pathos.

In a word, the trouble with these young writers (whose "average age is thirty-four") is that they have learned almost everything about writing except the need to have *something to say*. They share Mr. Wolfe's fatal emphasis on uniqueness at the price of relevance, and on "electric style" at the price of "inevitable" form. They document fragments of the American scene (thirty-one states and one Canadian province are represented) without communicating as Faulkner does, that life is the area about which they write. In the same way, their introspective cries are shrill, not resonant; their shaping of materials is artful, not organic.

In all, the anthology contains forty-two short stories or fragments of novels, twenty-seven poems, nine sketches, which Mr. Wolfe describes as "wee bits", and four curiously brief notes on "How Does a Talent Grow?" by Pearl Buck, Katherine Ann Porter, William Alfred and Maxwell Geismar. Of these it is difficult to praise any; Ivan Innerst, the most vigorous writer, complicates his story unnecessarily with a point of view that is more-than-Conradian in complexity; Helen Upshaw says very little very nicely. Among the poets, none of whom attempts long flight, James Frakes is refreshingly successful. But for all this, the individual who wishes to read new (though more-than-undergraduate) writing may find *New Voices 2* an illuminating book. It reveals, above all, a group of writers smitten by our American social malaise and searching for new (or old) means to give it expression. The question which we ought to ask, perhaps, is simply this: with the avenue of the little magazine open to them, do most of the writers in this anthology deserve the permanency of hard cover publication?



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